



## **TY-PHOO TEA 1976 DOCTOR WHO PROMOTION**

### **INTRODUCTION**

Between July and September 1976, Cadbury Ty-Phoo ran *The Amazing World of Doctor Who* promotion in boxes of Ty-Phoo tea bags. Twelve octagonal photo cards were produced, with one card issued free in the 36-bag box, two cards in the 72-bag box and four cards in the 144-bag box.

- Card 1 – Doctor Who (publicity shot)
- Card 2 – Sarah Jane Smith (from *Pyramids of Mars*)
- Card 3 – The TARDIS (from *The Seeds of Doom*)
- Card 4 – Alpha Centauri (from *The Monster of Peladon*)
- Card 5 – Davros (from *Genesis of the Daleks*)
- Card 6 – Sea Devil (from *The Sea Devils*)
- Card 7 – Dalek (from *Death to the Daleks*)
- Card 8 – Giant Robot (from *Robot*)
- Card 9 – Zygon (from *Terror of the Zygons*)
- Card 10 – Krynoid (from *The Seeds of Doom*)
- Card 11 – Ice Warrior (Doctor Who Exhibition photograph)
- Card 12 – Cyberman (from *Revenge of the Cybermen*)

For 20 pence, collectors could send away for a full-colour wallchart on which to mount the cards featuring the promotional artwork done by Chris Achilleos.

The third part of the promotion was *The Amazing World of Doctor Who* 64-page hard-backed book, which could be purchased along with the wallchart for just one pound. The book, produced by World Distributors, once again used Achilleos' promotional artwork for the front cover and featured stories from the 1976 *Doctor Who Annual*, various Dalek comic strips from *TV Century 21* comic and several new photo features focusing on different monsters. Around 15,000 copies of the book were produced and the excess stock was subsequently off sold through W H Smith outlets.

With thanks to Ty-Phoo Tea Company, Christopher Hill, Phillip Bhullar and Steven Smith

144 Tea Bags

Ty·Phoo  
Tea

THE AMAZING WORLD OF

DOCTOR  
WHO

4 FREE  
SPACE-AGE  
CARDS  
INSIDE



OPEN HERE

28



# Ty-Phoo Tea

144 Tea Bags



THE AMAZING WORLD OF

DOCTOR  
WHO

4 FREE  
SPACE-AGE  
CARDS  
INSIDE



# Ty·Phoo Tea

144 Tea Bags



THE AMAZING WORLD OF  
**DOCTOR WHO**  
4 FREE SPACE-AGE CARDS INSIDE

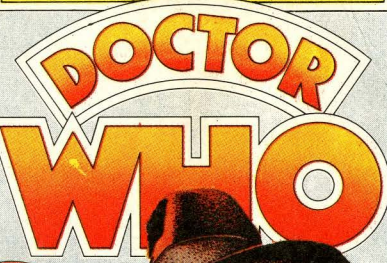
THE AMAZING WORLD OF DOCTOR WHO  
FREE SPACE-AGE CARDS TO COLLECT

Explore the Amazing World of Doctor Who with this unique collection of space-age shaped picture cards. Collect colourful pictures of exciting and mysterious characters encountered during the timeless travels of the Tardis. Look out for the Daleks, Sarah Jane Smith and, of course, the amazing Doctor himself. There are 12 octagonal cards to collect - you'll find one card in each 36 pack, two in a 72 and four in a 144.

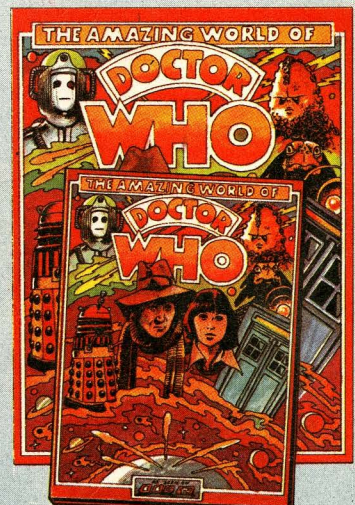
UNIQUE DOCTOR WHO BOOK WITH WALLCHART

Here's a very special offer for all Doctor Who fans, young and old! This colourful 64-page book has been created exclusively for Ty·Phoo - you cannot buy it anywhere else.

THE AMAZING WORLD OF

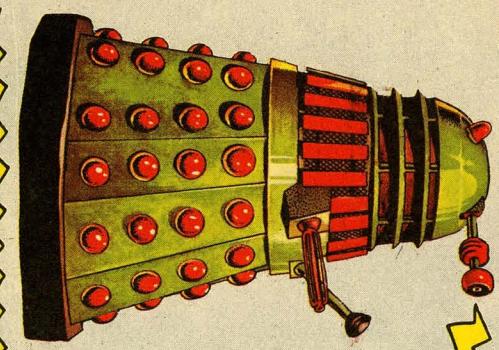


The Amazing World of Doctor Who book contains stories, pictures, and games featuring all the main Doctor Who characters, and comes complete with a colourful 76 x 50 cm wallchart on which you can stick your picture cards. It's yours for just £1 including postage and packing.



Complete the Application Form on the side. If you would like to receive the wallchart alone, send just 20p. It's an offer that's out of this world.

Name (Surname)  
Address  
Please send me Books and Wallcharts @ £1 each. Wallcharts only @ 20p each.  
I enclose cheque/P.O. value



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TY PHOO DOCTOR WHO OFFER,  
100 CROMER STREET, LONDON WC1H 8DA.  
With each book you get a WALLCHART.  
If you prefer to receive the wallchart alone send just 20p. Offer applies U.K. only while stocks last. Please allow 28 days for delivery. Note application address in case of query.

# Ty·Phoo Tea

1 lb  
454 g

144 Tea Bags

TT 43DW476

Our experts have selected over 24 different teas to produce the unique Ty·Phoo taste. If this product does not reach you in perfect condition please return it to Consumer Services Manager, with the carton, stating when and where bought (U.K. only).  
Cadbury Typhoo, P.O. Box 171, Bournville, Birmingham B30 2NA, U.K.

# Ty·Phoo Tea

1 lb  
454 g

144 Tea Bags

144 Tea Bags

# Ty·Phoo Tea



THE AMAZING WORLD OF  
**DOCTOR WHO**  
4 FREE SPACE-AGE CARDS INSIDE

OPEN HERE



72 Tea Bags

**Ty-Phoo  
Tea**



THE AMAZING WORLD OF

**DOCTOR  
WHO**

**2 FREE  
SPACE-AGE  
CARDS  
INSIDE**

OPEN HERE

**Ty-Phoo  
Tea**

72 Tea Bags



THE AMAZING WORLD OF

**DOCTOR  
WHO**

**2 FREE  
SPACE-AGE  
CARDS  
INSIDE**



# Ty-Phoo Tea

**72 Tea Bags**



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BOOK WITH  
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**DOCTOR  
WHO**



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72 Tea Bags

Ty Phoo  
Tea

THE AMAZING WORLD OF

DOCTOR  
WHO

2 FREE  
SPACE-AGE  
CARDS  
INSIDE



THE AMAZING WORLD OF DOCTOR WHO  
BOOK AND WALLCHART OFFER

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I enclose cheque/P.O. value \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(CAPITALS)

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_



# Ty-Phoo Tea

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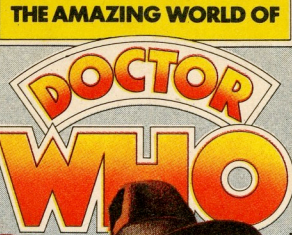


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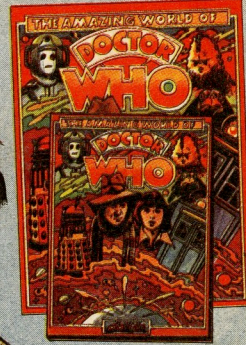
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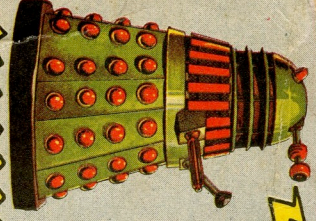
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© BBC 1976



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227 g

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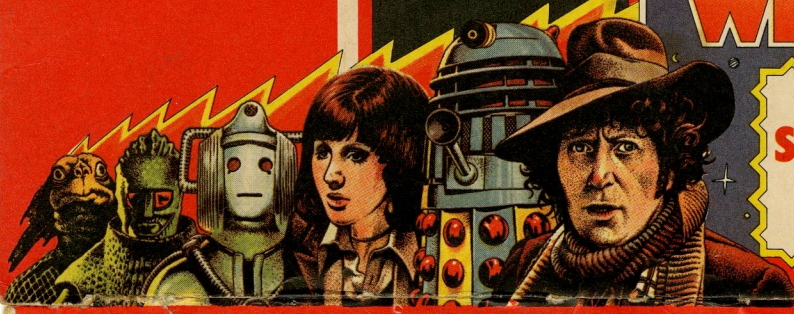
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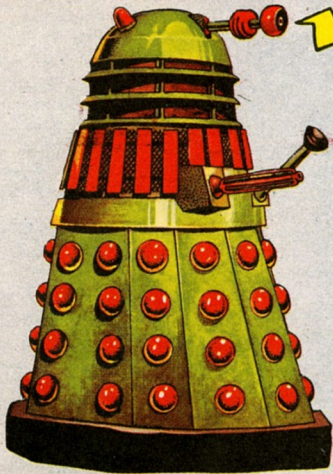
72 Tea Bags

# Ty-Phoo Tea



OPEN HERE





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(CAPITALS)

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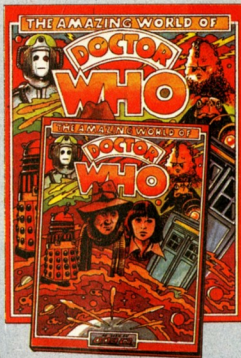
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**DOCTOR  
WHO**



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# Ty·Phoo Tea

36 Tea Bags



THE AMAZING WORLD OF

**DOCTOR  
WHO**

**FREE  
CARD  
INSIDE**

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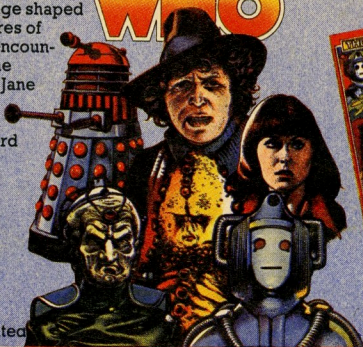
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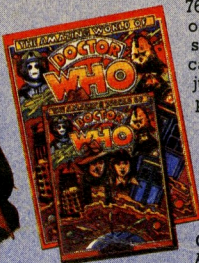
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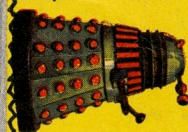
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# Ty·Phoo Tea

4 OZ  
113 g

36 Tea Bags

# Ty·Phoo Tea

36 Tea Bags



THE AMAZING WORLD OF

**DOCTOR  
WHO**

**FREE  
CARD  
INSIDE**



# Ty-Phoo Tea

36 Tea Bags



THE AMAZING WORLD OF

DOCTOR  
WHO

FREE  
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Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(CAPITALS)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



# THE AMAZING WORLD OF

# DOCTOR WHO



Stick Card  
No 1 Here.

No 1 DOCTOR WHO

Stick Card  
No 2 Here.

No 2 SARAH JANE SMITH

Stick Card  
No 3 Here.

No 3 THE TARDIS

Stick Card  
No 4 Here.

No 4 ALPHA CENTAURI

Stick Card  
No 5 Here.

No 5 DAVROS

Stick Card  
No 6 Here.

No 6 SEA DEVILS

Stick Card  
No 7 Here.

No 7 DALEKS

Stick Card  
No 8 Here.

No 8 GIANT ROBOT

Stick Card  
No 9 Here.

No 9 ZYGOON

Stick Card  
No 10 Here.

No 10 KRYNOID

Stick Card  
No 11 Here.

No 11 ICE WARRIOR

Stick Card  
No 12 Here.

No 12 CYBERMAN

© BBC 1984

This Wallchart has been created exclusively for Ty Phoo Tea



# THE AMAZING WORLD OF

# DOCTOR WHO



## Free Space-Age Picture Cards with Ty-Phoo Tea Bags.

It's an amazing offer. Every special pack of Ty-Phoo Tea Bags has got free Doctor Who Space-Age picture cards to collect.

A set of 12 colourful cards in all - featuring the famous Doctor, Sarah Jane Smith, the Daleks and the other incredible characters from the 'Amazing World of Doctor Who'.

And as a special bonus, there's a Doctor Who book - created exclusively for Ty-Phoo, 64 colourful pages full of stories, pictures and games that comes with a separate wallchart on which to stick the picture cards.

All you have to do is fill in the coupon and send it off with £1.00, plus one Ty-Phoo 'T' symbol from any pack of Ty-Phoo Tea Bags.

But hurry, the offer lasts for a limited period only.



Send Cheque/P.O. for £1.00, payable to Ty-Phoo Doctor Who Offer, for each book and wallchart (or 20p for the wallchart only) plus one Ty-Phoo 'T' symbol from any pack of Ty-Phoo Tea Bags. Then fill in the coupon and send to:

Ty-Phoo Doctor Who Offer, 100 Cromer St., London WC1H 8DA.

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ books and FREE wallcharts.

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ wallcharts only.

I enclose a cheque/postal order valued \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

W1

Please allow 28 days for delivery. Offer applies to U.K. only while stocks last.

Plus the exclusive  
'Doctor Who' Book and  
Wallchart Offer.



THE AMAZING WORLD OF

# DOCTOR WHO









THE AMAZING WORLD OF

# DOCTOR WHO

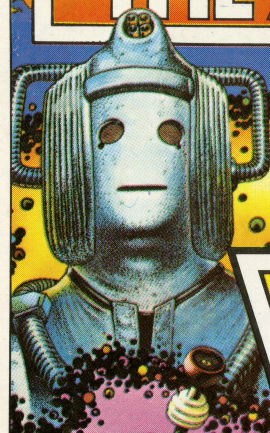


© BBC 1976



THE AMAZING WORLD OF

# DOCTOR WHO



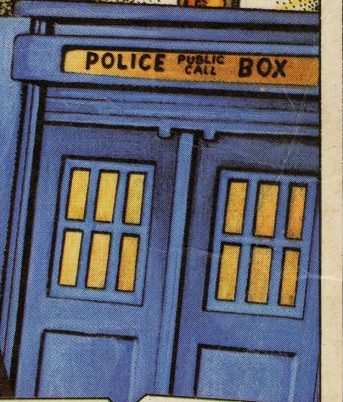
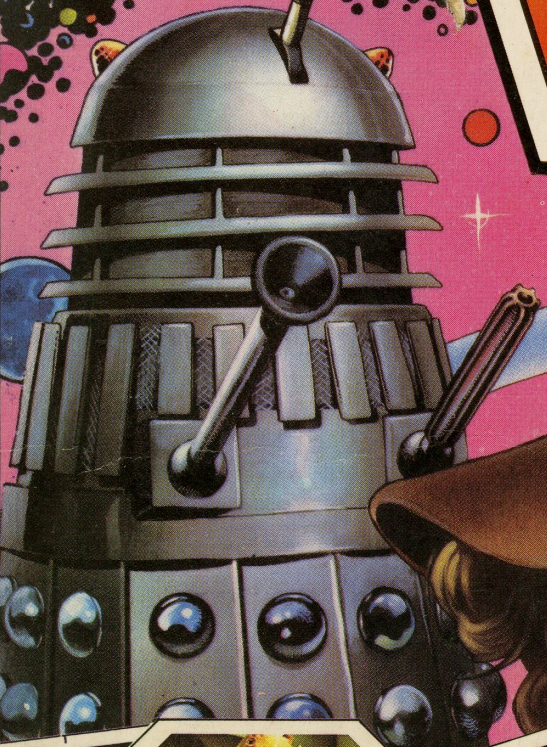
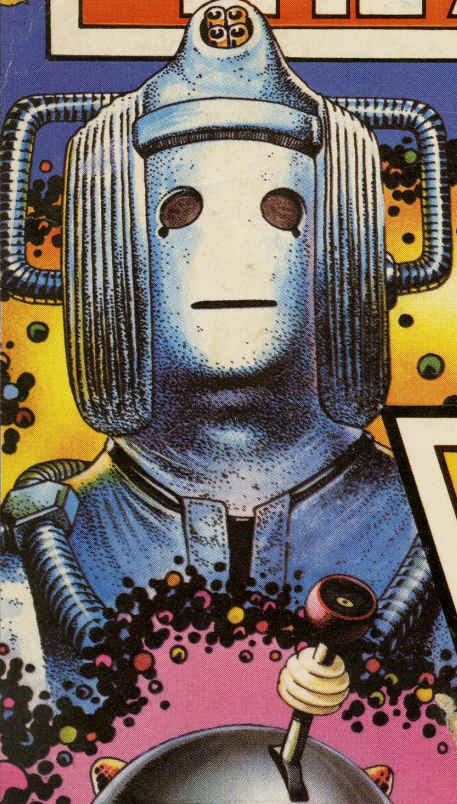
WITH  
TY-PHOO TEA BAGS



THE AMAZING WORLD OF

DOCTOR

WHO



FREE SPACE-AGE  
PICTURE CARDS

WITH  
TY-PHOO TEA BAGS

Actual Size Cards 80mm x 55mm

© BBC 1979





THE AMAZING WORLD OF



WITH TY-PHOO TEA BAGS







**TY · PHOO PRESENTS**

**THE AMAZING WORLD OF**



## **№ 1 DOCTOR WHO**

Collect colourful pictures of exciting characters encountered during the timeless travels of the Tardis. There are 12 octagonal cards to collect – you'll find one card in each 36 pack, two in a 72 and four in a 144.

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No. 465012. Registered Office Bournville  
Birmingham B30 2NA.

© BBC 1976







**TY·PHOO PRESENTS**

**THE AMAZING WORLD OF**



## **NO 2 SARAH JANE SMITH**

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**TY·PHOO PRESENTS**

**THE AMAZING WORLD OF**



## **№ 3 THE TARDIS**

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**TY · PHOO PRESENTS**

**THE AMAZING WORLD OF**



## **NO 4 ALPHA CENTAURI**

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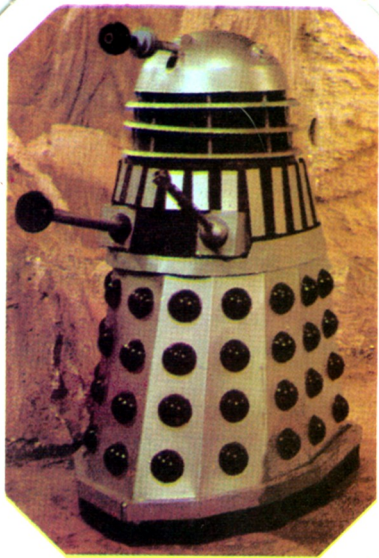
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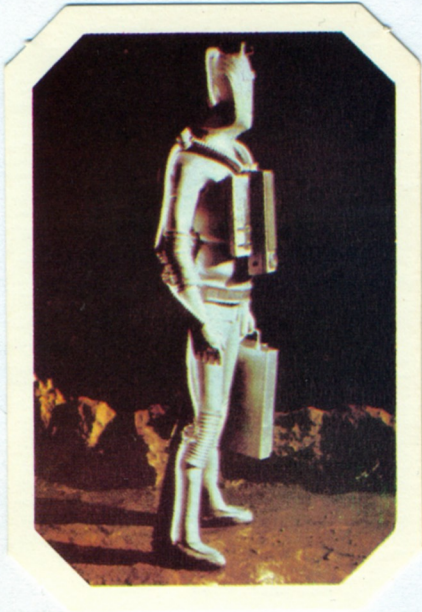
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THE AMAZING WORLD OF

# DOCTOR WHO





# THE AMAZING WORLD OF DR WHO

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## WHO'S THE DOCTOR?

How much do you know about the Doctor? Considering that his life has spanned many hundreds of years, in various dimensions of Space, it's hardly surprising that the multifarious events in which he has been involved are sometimes rather difficult to follow. Here then is a brief life history of this most remarkable man. . . .

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS

When we first encountered the enigmatic character of the Doctor, everything about him was mysterious. We didn't know who he was. We didn't know where he came from. We didn't even know if he were friend or foe. Later events, of course,

were to leave no doubt on that last point.

Our first impressions of the Doctor were of a man in his middle sixties, who wore a rather old-fashioned frock coat, check trousers, and a high stiff collar. Though the liveliness and incredibly alert powers of his brain were soon obvious, there was also a rather severe and formal side to his character.

He was accompanied on his travels by a young girl called Susan, who called him grandfather. And he travelled, of course, in the Tardis. You can read more about that extraordinary vehicle later in this book.

The Doctor had many exciting adventures in this, the first of his four 'incarnations'. But

eventually it became obvious to those close to him that he was growing old—very, very old, as we were later to discover—and it seemed that before long his life must end. What happened next only succeeded in deepening the baffling mysteries of his identity.

### A NEW BEGINNING . . .

It was the end of a particularly terrifying adventure with the ruthless Cybermen. The Doctor's strength had been greatly taxed as he battled against the might of these silver giants. Yet, strangely, he didn't seem concerned. He made a short announcement, to the effect that his old body was 'wearing out', and collapsed into a coma.

His companions watched in

complete amazement, as the man before them began to change—into a change, in fact, out of all recognition. When he recovered from the coma, the Doctor was, to all intents and purposes, a different man.

His new body was younger, and his personality had changed radically. Gone was the stern manner and upright bearing, and in its place appeared the character of an eccentric with a gentle charm, a taste for extravagant clothes, and a habit of sitting cross-legged on the floor, playing a recorder.

But was this new Doctor really so different? It soon became obvious that the original Doctor's brilliant scientific mind, immense banks of knowledge, and lightning-fast powers of reasoning, remained intact. He was a new Doctor, but he was the old one too.

### THE TIME LORDS

The new Doctor was soon involved in many hair-raising adventures, which he and his companions were to come out of unscathed, thanks only to his unparalleled talents and abilities.

Yet there was one menace he encountered which even *he* was not strong enough to tackle alone. This was the menace of the terrible War Lords, a race of aliens who were plotting a conspiracy so immense in its scope and implications that it threatened the entire Galaxy. The Doctor was up against an unbelievably powerful enemy—and he had to have help.

It was then that he turned for the first time to the Time Lords—and we began to learn a little about his past. We discovered that the Time Lords are a fantastically-advanced race, whose technology enables them to travel through Space and Time, and also regenerate their bodies when necessary.

The Doctor himself was a member of this race, but he had rebelled against that part of the Time Lords' philosophy which stated that they should only observe the affairs of other planets, but never intervene, not even in order to help. The Doctor had a strong inner conviction that those who were able should help other creatures facing oppression or hardships.

This belief became so strong

that eventually the Doctor stole a Tardis and left the planet, knowing that if he ever returned he would be captured and made to stand trial.

By turning to the Time Lords, the Doctor was able to thwart the terrible plans of the War Lords but, of course, he had to pay the price, and it wasn't long before he faced the High Court of the Time Lords. He made a moving and eloquent speech, stating his belief that powerful races should help those who are powerless against dangers and enemies.

He was found guilty, but his sentence was light. He was exiled to the planet Earth, where he was forced to remain in the twentieth time zone. Interestingly, the Doctor's trial began something of a change of opinion among the Time Lords, and from then on they were to intervene themselves, on occasions, in the affairs of the Galaxy.

One further aspect of the Doctor's sentence was that his appearance changed once more. The third reincarnation of the Doctor was a handsome, elegant man with a rather distinguished look, who had a stylish and flamboyant line in clothes, which ran to velvet jackets and frilled shirts.

He also had a passion for gadgetry, and for all sorts of unusual vehicles. His souped-up Edwardian car, Bessie, was his pride and joy, and his Whomobile, which looked rather like a cross between a flying saucer and a racing car, was to whisk him out of tricky situations on many an occasion.

### A STRANGE CONFRONTATION

During this third incarnation, the Doctor had a strange confrontation with his two former selves. One of the Time Lords called Omega, had turned renegade, and in order to deal with him, the Time Lords felt that the Doctor needed help. Thus they







decided to lift the Doctor's two earlier selves from their own Time Streams.

The collaboration was unfortunately rather stormy, with the second and third Doctors clashing in temperament almost immediately, and the first one acting as mediator.

The adventure was successful however, and as a result of it the Time Lords lifted the Doctor's exile, and he was free to travel anywhere in Time and Space once more.

## METEBELIS THREE . . .

Then came the memorable visit to Metebelis Three, when the Doctor took one of the planet's famous blue crystals, not realising that this particular crystal played an important part in the plans of the giant Spiders, rulers of the planet.

On a return visit, the Doctor

was forced to enter the cave of the Great One, the supreme ruler. Though he succeeded in destroying her, his body was riddled with the deadly alien radiation of the cave, and there was only one way that his life could be saved . . .

## AND A NEW DOCTOR

The Doctor had to change his appearance yet another time, and a fourth Doctor emerged. This time he appeared as a younger man, and a blend of some of the most notable characteristics of his three forbears. He has the strong will of the first, the humour and charm of the second, and the warmth and easy manner of the third.

And in the new Doctor, just as in those who have gone before, there is that astonishingly powerful 'human computer'—the incredible brain.

## SARAH JANE SMITH

The present Doctor is aided in his adventures by Sarah Jane Smith, a young and intelligent girl journalist, who happened upon the first adventure quite by chance, and who has remained with the Doctor to share all the strange and mysterious adventures which have followed.

Sarah sometimes seems very young and fragile to face the terrible hazards which come her way, but she copes with everything as it comes, showing a strong will, great courage, a sense of humour, and a great trust in the Doctor.

Sometimes this trust is stretched to the limit when the Doctor's course of action seems odd or illogical to her. But, needless to say, the Doctor's way of dealing with things generally turns out for the best.

Brilliant though the Doctor undoubtedly is, and resourceful though Sarah has proved herself to be, there is one menace they have encountered—and will encounter again, no doubt—which stretches their powers

to the absolute limit. This terrible power can be summed up in one word: Daleks.

## THE MENACE OF THE DALEKS

The Doctor first crossed with the Daleks when the Tardis landed on Skaro, their home planet, at a time when they were at war with their old enemies, the Thals. Deadly radiation contaminated Skaro as the result of a terrible atomic war, and the Thals had developed powerful drugs to counteract its effect.

The Daleks, however, aided by their evil master, the scientist Davros, had created for themselves the metal casings which protect their bodies.

Through generations of living inside protective shells, the Daleks' actual bodies have become hideously deformed. And in the process of these bodily changes, their minds have changed too. The Daleks have become creatures devoid of all emotional feelings of goodness and compassion.

They have become a race of killers, entirely evil, and bent on domination and destruction. Fear and hatred are struck into the hearts of beings everywhere at the sound of their harsh cry: Exterminate!

The Doctor has come up against these hateful creatures many times, and more than once he has almost succeeded in ridding us of their menace. But on each occasion some Daleks have survived, to further their race, and to continue with their far-reaching and terrifying plans.

Two things are uppermost in the plans of the Daleks. They are determined to conquer our Galaxy, by whatever evil means they can devise. And they are determined to destroy forever their most powerful adversary, the man who has done more to thwart their plans than any other being.

That man, of course, is the Doctor.

# The Sinister Sponge

"What are they like?"  
"Like?" answered the Doctor in an off-hand manner. "Marvellous creatures! They're like all Inscrutes—perfectly normal!" He fussed over a panel of dials.

"That's what you said about the Spectrons."

"And they had seven ears!" Harry walked over to stand beside Sarah. The Doctor continued fussing until a screen lit up.

"The atmosphere on Spectro nullifies sound waves. It would be abnormal if they had less than seven ears. Ah!"

He looked up at the screen and saw a beautiful valley full of large, richly coloured plants, some growing to heights of twenty feet.

"The old place hasn't changed much," he muttered to himself, half-smiling at the memory of the last time he had been on Inscruta. "Come on! Let's go out and meet the people!"

Outside, the air was fresh and cool, and a haunting fragrance made the three of them stop and just stand there breathing deeply.

"That smell!" cried Sarah. "It's like . . . like . . ."

The Doctor laughed. "It does seem familiar, doesn't it? I have spent many pleasant evenings trying to place it. At first I thought I recognised it, but I can assure you that the smell of this planet is unique, and only one of the many wonders of Inscruta."

"Like that funny coloured cloud over there?" asked Harry, pointing.

A small greeny yellow cloud had appeared at the rim of the



valley and seemed to be moving towards them.

"That's funny," mused the Doctor, "its movement is anything but peculiar."

The cloud was coming towards them. It skirted past mushrooms eight feet high, brushed aside tentacles reaching out from the gaping mouth of a huge red flower and finally stopped silently still, hovering in the air some ten yards away from them.

"That's no cloud," said Harry.

"It's more like a . . . a sponge!" said Sarah, backing away as the sponge hovered closer to her.

The sponge moved closer and closer to Sarah until she put out a hand as if to push it away. At once the sponge changed shape and wrapped itself around her. She cried out and then all was quiet.

The sponge yeped off back the way it came, shivering violently as Sarah tried to fight her way free of the folds that enveloped her.

Doctor Who and Harry gave



chase. As they rushed through the foliage the Doctor's mind was working overtime. The only other sponge-creatures he knew that could fly came from Femizor – but that was more than six billion light years away! In his haste he failed to notice the long sticky tentacle that snaked out and wrapped itself round his feet.

He fell heavily and his involuntary cry made Harry whirl round. The young medical officer saw Doctor Who struggling to free himself from the tentacle that was slowly dragging him towards the mouth of a hungry-looking plant.

As Harry raced to help the Doctor a second tentacle leapt from the flower like a chameleon's tongue and wrapped itself round Harry's neck. Wriggling and cursing, the two men were drawn into the middle of the flower and could only watch helplessly as the huge red petals closed around them.

Bathed in a dim red glow, the two men felt the grip of the tentacles grow tighter. What little light that filtered through the translucent petals showed a network of small veins carrying a colourless fluid round the entire plant. A quiet, insistent hissing noise made them look down and the smell of burning rubber rose from their feet.

Acid! The plant was beginning to digest them. The Doctor told Harry to light a match and hold it against the tentacle that was gradually wringing the life from him. He did so but in a reflex action the tentacle tightened its grip round his neck.

Harry dropped the match. Soon the acid would burn through their shoes and start on their feet.

*"Land of hope and glory! Mother of the free! How can we extooll thee."* Doctor Who began to sing loudly, and Harry gurgled with surprise.

"Come on, Harry, louder!" urged the Doctor. "Sing! Shout!

Anything—but make it loud!"

The two men stood in the confined space of the flower, singing and shouting for all they were worth. The tentacles relaxed and seemed to shrink from them. They began yelling and screaming and the walls of their prison shifted, letting in a thin ray of light. The Doctor grabbed both sides of the wall and pushed, howling as though his lungs were about to burst.

Unable to contain the terrible noise, the flower opened completely and they were able to scramble out. They threw off their shoes and sat panting against a tree, out of range of the plant's deadly tentacles.

"Noise!" whispered the Doctor in explanation. "It frightens anything not used to it!"

"So does a man-eating plant."

Harry and the Doctor trod carefully in the direction the sponge had gone. There was no sign of it. The Doctor looked worried. If only he could find Elkalor, the Inscrute leader who had befriended him on his previous visit.

As they entered a field of what looked like giant cabbages Harry shivered. It was getting cold. The sun was going down and it would soon be completely dark on the moonless planet. Who could tell what dangers the night held?

As they passed a particularly large cabbage the Doctor gave a startled gasp. The rim of a leaf was wobbling and a large head peeped over the top.

"Elkalor!"

The head ducked down, then slowly reappeared.

"Doctor! Come quickly! Before the sun sets!" Elkalor's voice was a loud whisper.

The Doctor and Harry went over to the cabbage.

"Here, grab this!" Elkalor threw a vine down for them to climb up.

They climbed to the rim of the



outside leaf and Elkalor pulled them down between the leaves to the heart, where, inside a box-like framework, there was a table and a lamp.

"These will keep the leaves from crushing us when the sun goes down," Elkalor patted one of the beams that made up the frame.

"Stuck inside a cabbage!" Harry smiled bewilderedly.

"When it grows dark the leaves close up and we will be safe here," whispered Elkalor. "It's not very spacious but . . . Doctor?"

The Doctor didn't answer immediately. He was staring at Elkalor in amazement. Harry coughed and Doctor Who seemed to come to life.

"Elkalor! What's happened to you?"

Elkalor stood there, trembling slightly. He was taller than the Doctor and thinner. His face had no chin and his neck went straight up to his beak-like nose. His eyes were set wide apart and long thin tendrils stood up on the top of his head. But what amazed the Doctor was his flesh. It was almost transparent and every time he made a sudden movement he shivered like a jelly!

Elkalor held up a hand and winced, as if the Doctor's question pained him.

"Please, Doctor," he whispered, "our resistance to sound is very low. I would appreciate it if you

would communicate by the Galactic Federation Sign Language A 17 section 4."

"Section 4 . . ." whispered the Doctor with his hand on his chin. "Sorry, Elkalor, but I'm blown if I can remember it. Or any of the other sections to tell you the truth. Never thought I'd need 'em on Inscruta."

"Then a whisper will suffice. You will remember from your last visit how abnormally sensitive to sound all life on this planet is, and this is the heart of our problem."

"Five Ergaps after you left, all the males were stricken by a disease that caused our feathers to fall out and our flesh to become transparent. No one could discover



a reason for it, or a cure."

The lamp on the table flickered and Elkalor paused to adjust the flame.

"It was around this time that our wives and daughters began to harass us, began to question our judgement and authority. They would hold mass meetings in the council buildings and cause a great noise that was most distressing for us. While they seemed to get less and less sensitive to sound, we males could hardly bear to hear a pin drop.

"One of the males discovered that the women had been harbouring a giant sponge in the council hall and were communicating telepathically with it. When we objected to this they drove us from the city, with a ceaseless

barage of chattering and shouting and loud bangings. We have lived here in this patch ever since."

Elkalor shrugged. A beam reached as the leathery cabbage leaves rustled closer together.

The Doctor looked thoughtful. Finally he spoke, but so softly he could barely be heard.

"Elkalor, I know that the tradition of Inscruta forbids you to accept help from any source, but I ask you, as one who has accepted your gracious hospitality, please let Harry and I assist you in what way we can."

Despite its tactful phrasing, the Doctor's plea was dismissed.

"Come every day to torment us with their noise, though our very bones are turning to jelly. I cannot

entertain your kind offer. This affair does not concern you."

"But it does," whispered Harry, "and very directly."

The Doctor and Elkalor turned to face Harry, who was holding up his hand in the light cast from the lamp on the table. They gasped. There was hardly any shadow cast on the leafy wall. Harry was becoming transparent!

When dawn came and the thick leaves of their warm cabbage home began to open to the sunlight, the Doctor and Harry were resolved as to their course of action.

Harry, who was already having trouble with anything but the faintest whisper, had cut a pair of leathery earmuffs out of the cabbage with his knife and was determined to be there when they confronted the females and their sponge.

Elkalor was resigned to the Doctor's interference, if only to help Harry.

As the sun rose slowly in the sky Doctor Who made a quick journey back to the Tardis, and the men from the neighbouring cabbages congregated in the middle of the patch, waiting for their wives and daughters to come and taunt them.

It was not long before a rattling and shouting could be heard getting nearer and nearer. The Inscrutes covered their hypersensitive ears with their hands and cringed.

The sponge hovered into view, flanked by female Inscrutes furiously bashing pots and pans and shouting.

Harry started. To the right of the sponge, her face contorted into a snarl, was Sarah.

The Doctor held up his hands and made a gobbling noise deep down in his throat. Immediately the females stopped their noise and looked around at each other. The Doctor made some more noises and then folded his arms.

The sponge made similar noises to the Doctor. It was obvious they were communicating in some way, but no one was sure what that way was. It wasn't telepathy, but it certainly wasn't talking.

In fact the Doctor and the sponge were using Femizonian Aurapathy, a means of communication known to very few outside Femizor, the gigantic sponge colony in Alpha Mardis 2.

The Doctor knew how dangerous it would be to make direct telepathic contact with the sponge.

"What are you doing on this planet?" he asked.

"I am trying to build a transformer to get me back to Femizor."

"Why have you caused this friction between the Inscrutes?"

"It was unintentional. I was contaminated by Orlicic dust beams on my way here. This atmosphere causes a disintegrating effect on male hormones."

"Femizonian sponges are made up of equal numbers of male and female hormones. Have your own hormones been affected?"

"Questions! Questions!" gobbled the sponge, hovering menacingly close to the Doctor.

"I think it is time you stopped!"

"And I think it is time you started telling the truth!" The Doctor dipped into his pocket and produced a mouse-like creature. The sponge shrank back with a high pitched sound.

"Yes," said the Doctor, smiling. "The enemy of sponges throughout the cosmos — a Rhoa. If you don't co-operate I will let him loose."

The sponge was quiet. The Doctor went on.

"I have visited Femizor twice in my travels and know something of the inhabitants. Young sponges are kept inside pens until they reach maturity, until they have learnt to sort out and organise the myriad responses and emotions they are born with. It is said that Femizonians are born mad and grow to sanity, but the truth is they are born amoral and oversensitive, and must learn which reflexes and thought patterns to discard and which ones to develop."

"So you know about us."

"Yes. I see by your size you have not reached maturity. How did you get here?"

The sponge pulsed in fits and starts, as if sobbing. Its gobbling



was subdued.

"I know I shouldn't have stayed here, but I was lonely. I didn't know how to get back. On Femizor I escaped from the pen. I went into the laboratory and experimented with the Molecular Disperser. There was a flash and I found myself orbiting this planet. I came in contact with the dust beams on my way down. Inside, half of me was disintegrating. I felt alone. One side of me was lonely, the other side dying. I didn't know what to do. But now I see I was wrong. I... I... I'm sorry."

The Doctor looked pleased. He put the Rhoa back in his pocket.

"You don't think Orlicic dust beam disintegration is incurable, do you?" he laughed. "Why, the answer is right here!" He went over to a cabbage and patted a leaf. "The juice of this plant can be condensed into an elixir that reverses the disintegration process. And if you're worried about getting home you underestimate my powers of invention!"

The sponge freed the female Inscrutes from the telepathic domination, and at once they went to work brewing vast quantities of the elixir.

In a couple of days the Inscrutes' features were growing again, Harry was perfectly solid, and Doctor

Who had a Molecular Speed-beam pointing at Alpha Mardis 2.

"Once you get there it shouldn't be too difficult to reach Femizor," he gobbled reassuringly. "I think you're mature enough now to find your own way once you are well."

"Thank you, Doctor. I am sorry for what I have done and I hope everything here gets back to normal."

Harry watched as an Inscrute female forced another cupful of elixir down her husband's throat.

"Somehow I don't think things round here will ever be the same again," he muttered.

"And not such a bad thing either," Sarah chipped in.

"Now, now," admonished the Doctor, "I'm due for a little holiday here, and I don't want to spend it listening to you two arguing."

And with that he strode off towards the Lake of Sighs, where the fishing is said to be very good indeed.





# THE SINISTER SLITHERS OF STRIKK

A game for 2 or more players.

Dr. Who is trapped on the dark side of the cube planet Regulas 9. To get to the Tardis he must cross the kingdom of Strikk, a glowing, globular malevolence that moves in convulsive spasms, and whose radioactive trail means death to anyone stopping on it.

See if you can find a way past the lethal slithers of Strikk and reach the safety of the Tardis.

## To play:

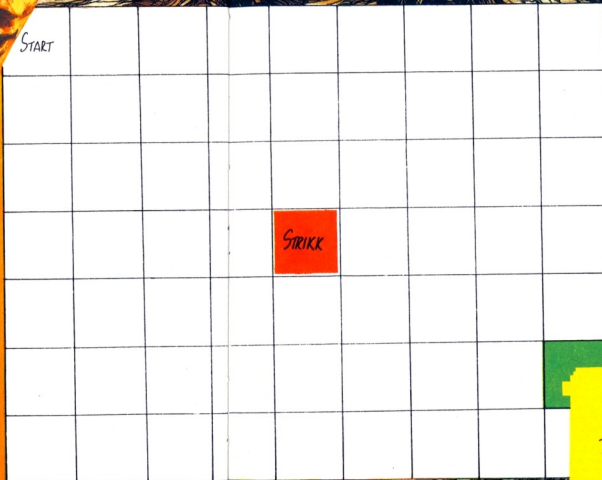
Players need a dice and a lot of buttons (match heads or bits of paper will do). The player who throws the highest opening score is Strikk. The object of the game is for Strikk to stop the others reaching the Tardis by laying radioactive paths across the board.

Strikk throws first. He does not need a six to start. He may move in any direction he likes and marks his trail by putting buttons (match heads, bits of paper) on the squares he has passed over. Unless he throws a six he must return to the middle after each throw. If he does throw a six he throws again, marking a new trail from the square he was on. Strikk must state the direction he intends to travel before he throws the dice.

All other players have to throw a six to start and they too have to state which direction they intend to travel. They may cross Strikk's radioactive trails, but if they stop on one they must go back to the start. A player who lands on a trail more than three times is out of the game.

The winner is the first player to reach the Tardis.

If none of the players reach the Tardis, Strikk is the winner.





# THE SEA-DEVILS

The Doctor came up against the Sea-Devils during his third incarnation. He learnt that several ships had disappeared in mysterious circumstances in a particular area of the sea off the south coast of England, and he and his assistant, Jo Grant, went to investigate.

It wasn't long before they discovered the awful truth...

The Sea-Devils were survivors of a race of marine reptiles which had flourished on Earth millions of years ago, before the rise of Man. They had been 'hibernating' in a base beneath the sea, but had been awakened from their slumbers by the noise and disturbances caused by the drilling of off-shore oil rigs in the area.

Now that they had been revived, the Sea-Devils were planning to conquer Earth and, in the process, to enslave the entire human race.

The fast-moving and exciting adventure came to its dramatic conclusion when the Doctor engineered a tremendous explosion, which destroyed the Sea-Devils and shattered their base.





# The Mind Of Dr Who

Dr. Who has recorded some spectacular victories in his long battle against evil and injustice in the Cosmos. The subduing of the headless barbarians of Vishta and the swift expulsion of the Stavel murder squad from Magworld H are prime examples.

But there is one area where the Doctor would seem more vulnerable than even his fellow travellers from Earth, an area of infinite delicacy and precision, an area of such magnitude and yet such fine balance that an enemy is offered tremendous opportunity for sabotage . . . his mind.

Does a Time Lord let understanding lead to compromise? Does a Time Lord allow compassion to fog his vision, pity to deflect his purpose? Is a Time Lord able to experience love and all its blindness? In workings as complicated, powerful, and interdependent as those in Dr. Who's head any one such spanner could cause havoc.

Or could it? Is the Doctor really unable to bridge the gulf between abstraction and actuality into which so many human dreams have fallen and died?

Maybe you can find a clue when you read this account of the battles within the brains of the travellers from the Tardis.

For these are battles against demons from outside the imagination, demons dredged up from the cold dark borders of the Omniverse.

These are private demons, one for everyone . . . and each with his very own Hell.









RELUCTANTLY, THEN HEAD BACK...



THE FIRST THING TO DO IS STOP SHIVING  
THE NEXT IS TO GET BACK TO THE TARDIS!  
ARE YOU GUYS?

THE JOURNEY IS A NIGHTMARE FOR SARAH...



SSSHKREEEEEEEE!

HOOWWWWWW!

...FOR  
HARRY...



FFSSSTTTT!

...AND FOR THE SPIDERS...



YAAAWWWWW!

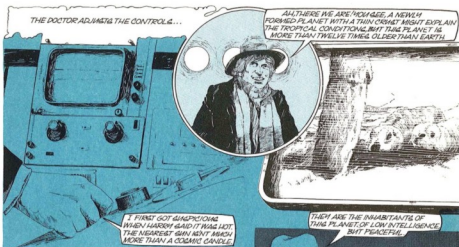
KAAAAWWWW!

COME IN NOW! I'LL  
FIND IT BISH!  
DOOMER INSIDE



BUT AT LAST THEY REACH THE TARDIS...

THE DOCTOR ADJUSTS THE CONTROLS...



AUTHERE WE ARE! NOWHERE, A NEWLY  
FORMED PLANET WITH A THIN CRUST MIGHT EXPLAIN  
THE TROPICAL CONDITIONS, BUT THIS PLANET IS  
MORE THAN TWELVE TIMES OLDER THAN EARTH.

I FIRST GOT SUSPICIONS  
WHEN HARRY SAID IT WAS HOT.  
THE NEAREST SHIP WENT AWAY  
MORE THAN A COSMIC GANGLI.

THEY ARE THE INHABITANTS OF  
THIS PLANET, OF LOW INTELLIGENCE  
BUT PEACEFUL.

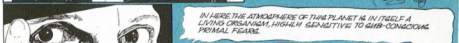


THE TALE ABOUT  
VENTROK  
CONFIRMED IT.

CONFIRMED WHAT?  
AND WHAT ARE THOSE  
CREATURES ON THE GOREN?

BUT WHERE ARE  
THE SHAKES?

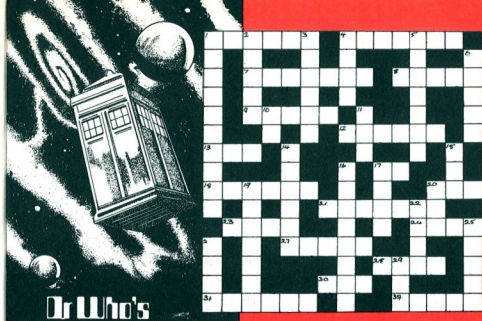
AND THOSE HORRIBLE  
FLYING THINGS?



IN HERE THE ATMOSPHERE OF THIS PLANET IS IN ITSELF A  
LIVING ORGANISM, HIGHLY SENSITIVE TO SUB-CONSCIOUS  
PERMAL FEARS.

HARRY'S ANCESTRAL MEMORY PROPOSED A COLLAGE OF  
FEAR, SOME IRRATIONAL, SOME NOT, DATING BACK TO THE TIME WHEN THE  
FIRST STRIDINGS OF AWARENESS WAKENED MANK'S BRAIN. ONE FRIEND  
SAW THEIR WORLD BEFORE THE REMNANCE OF THE VENTROK HAD BEEN  
OVERCOME. THE ATMOSPHERE TRANSMITTED THIS FEAR INTO A SERIES  
OF VIVID IMAGES.





#### Clues Across:

- 1 Ruthless crippled scientist who created the Daleks in an attempt to defeat the Thals (6)
- 4 The supreme god of Roman mythology, also a planet (7)
- 7 Another planet, this one shares its name with the Roman god of the sea (7)
- 8 and 4 down  
Smith, the Doctor's travelling companion (5, 4)
- 9 Heavenly bodies (5)
- 12 see 11 down
- 13 The ... Warriors were giant, scaly creatures from Mars (3)
- 17 Us (2)
- 18 The name given to a certain hazy mass, seen among the stars (6)
- 20 As opposed to peace, ... (3)
- 21 To do away with, obliterate (7)
- 23 In space, when two space-ships lock together (4)

- 24 Unit of time (4)
- 27 The Dalek planet (5)
- 28 ... matter, material with amazing properties (4)
- 30 Revolution of an engine, abbreviated (3)
- 31 What the Doctor travels in (6)
- 32 and 25 down: man-made being, corrupted by its master, which went on a killer rampage. Killed by the Doctor, Sarah was sympathetic towards it (5, 5)

#### Clues Down:

- 1 Proud, intelligent space-travellers. Man clashed with this race when both started to spread their empires through the stars (10)
- 2 The brightest planet of the solar system, also the Roman goddess of love (5)
- 3 In order of distance from the sun, the sixth of the major planets (6)

- 4 see 8 across (4)
- 5 The Doctor ... through space and time (7)
- 6 Enemies of the Daleks (5)
- 10 Towards (2)
- 11 and 12 across: Marine cousins of the Silurians, their base was beneath the ocean, and they were disturbed by the drilling of off-shore oil rigs (3, 6)
- 14 The Doctor's arch enemies (6)
- 15 The ... of Tranquillity (3)
- 16 Emotionless silver giants (8)
- 17 Alexsey Leonov was the first astronaut to leave a space satellite and ... in space (4)
- 19 A ... rocket is a rocket motor which assists the normal propulsion system in some phases of space flight (7)
- 20 Doctor ... (3)
- 22 When motors are switched off, it's a ... down (4)
- 25 see 32 across (5)
- 26 Reactor in Flight Test, abbreviated (4)
- 29 Opposite of positive, abbreviated (3)



# THE GIANT ROBOT

The Doctor's adventures on Metebelis Three so exhausted his third body that he was forced to re-incarnate. In his fourth incarnation his first adversary was a Giant Robot.

The robot was immensely strong and presented a tremendous threat, but oddly enough it was not in itself a thing of evil. It was basically a simple, and rather noble creature, which had been cruelly corrupted by its own maker, and which was now in the power of a group of scientists bent on domination of the world.

Though it seems hard to imagine anyone establishing an understanding relationship with a robot, it did indeed happen that Sarah Jane Smith, the Doctor's assistant, felt in some way drawn towards the huge creature. Some odd sense—call it 'feminine intuition' if you like—made her realise the truth about the way in which it was being used and manipulated.

In a way too, the Robot understood that Sarah was a friend and was trying to help, and the two of them struck up a strange kind of rapport. At one point this understanding saved the Doctor's life.

Sadly though, the robot grew to an even more monstrous size, became a deadly killer, and had to be destroyed.

Sarah Jane Smith felt sad and angry, knowing that the creature had been terribly betrayed by its masters, those evil men who had destroyed its every chance of a good and purposeful existence.

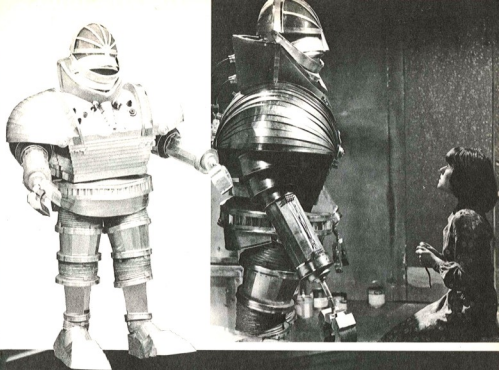
The problems posed by the story *The Giant Robot* were extremely difficult, but the Costume Designer Jim Acheson solved them brilliantly.

Unlike previous robotic creatures that had appeared in the programme which had been soft costumes covered in silvered paint, the Giant Robot was made of real metal and stood 8 feet high in the studio. It took an actor 6 foot 6 inches tall to support it and he could only work for short stretches at a time due to the enormous weight of the costume. The mechanism in the Robot's head was all independently wired so that the lights flashed synchronously with its voice, operated by the actor inside.

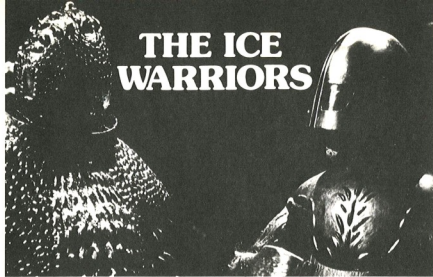
When, in the last episode, the Robot grew to the size of a house, this was achieved by use of colour superimposition overlay—a complicated electronic process, but one frequently used on the programme to achieve a multitude of effects.

Sometimes, however, the monsters and special effects are made by the Visual Effects Department. These are the people who are usually responsible for the model filming and explosions which appear in many adventures.

The Department often manage to obtain results that look as good as film effects, although in the rapid world of television they have to work very quickly and economically, and this is where their expertise comes in.



# THE ICE WARRIORS



The Doctor has had more than one hair-raising encounter with the savage race from Mars who are known as the Ice Warriors. These creatures present a terrifying appearance, being of a giant size and covered in green scales.

As their name implies, they are a warlike race, with highly-developed military powers, and exceptionally strong discipline and organisation in battle.

The first time we saw the Ice Warriors was when one of them was discovered buried deep in the ice, during Earth's second Ice Age, far into the future of our planet. When the creature was discovered it was at first thought to be a Viking, but in fact it was the captain of a Martian spaceship. As soon as it was revived, it made a vicious attack on the humans who found it.

The Doctor had a further encounter with these savage creatures at a time when they were attempting a conquest of Earth, beginning their operations by invading a base on the moon, and from there raining down a strange fungus which



had the effect of altering Earth's weather.

Defeated in this attempt, the Ice Warriors turned their attention away from Earth, but that didn't mean that the Doctor would not come up against them again.

Strangely enough, however, the next time the Doctor had any dealings with them he found that they were not his enemies but his allies—at least for a short while. This came about when the planet Peladon was trying to gain membership of the Galactic Federation, but was being opposed by certain reactionary elements within the Federation. The Doctor wanted to see Peladon admitted, because he believed it was right and just. And the Ice Warriors wanted the planet given membership too—for their own reasons.



On a second visit to Peladon, the Doctor found that the Ice Warriors were plotting to take control of the planet, in order to exploit its valuable mineral deposits, and he once again had to fight to thwart their plans.

The Ice Warriors are powerful adversaries, and who knows when, or where, the Doctor may meet them again?





The Doctor shut down the navigational booster and listened carefully as the hum of the motors died slowly away.

"Ready?" he asked Sarah, activating the door mechanism.

Sarah looked doubtful. Outside the door they could see the thin veil of mist that hung over the dwarf trees and rotten stumps that make up much of the Crellium landscape. Sarah shivered involuntarily.

"I never thought I'd see you scared off by a few ghosts." His voice betrayed none of the unease that he, too, felt.

"I suppose you're right," answered Sarah, without enthusiasm. "After all, you've got me into enough hair-raising scrapes and I'm still here, but . . . well, there's something about this place . . . something about this whole trip of yours that's making me feel that perhaps I should have let you go alone this time."

"Nonsense!" laughed the Doc-

tor. "Where would I be without you? The psychic activity on this planet is quite incongruous with its history. As a scientist I feel it my duty to investigate. I mean how, on a planet that hasn't supported any life other than crude vegetation for thousands of years, how can a seemingly dormant planet emit enough psychic power to disturb the Communal Will of the people of Yula?" The Doctor's eyes were half closed as he pondered his own question.

Yula . . . Sarah's face brightened at the very thought. It was while visiting the snailmen of Yula that the Doctor first discovered there was something wrong. The usually warm welcome extended to all visitors to the planet was as cheering as it had ever been. The exchanges of hospitality and the shrewd intellectual jousting between the Doctor and the philosophical department of the Communal Will had been as entertaining and stimulating as ever.

It was only when the Doctor's mind had probed into the recesses of emotional development and communal identity security that he had noticed disparity, conflict, a slight fragmentation of the Communal Will. For the first time in the hundreds of thousands of years that the Doctor had known them, the Communal Will, to which every inhabitant of Yula feeds his psyche and is in turn fed from the psyches of the other inhabitants, showed ripples and cracks in its usually egg-smooth uniformity.

Using his unique mixture of instinct, logic and knowledge, the Doctor had established that the fault was not internal disintegration, but the result of a massive psychic bombardment from space. He had traced the source of the onslaught to Crellium, a planet believed to be nothing more than swampland, gas and misty half-light.

"No point hanging about then," said the Doctor, stepping gingerly

through the door. "Let's find out what this planet's got to offer." He took Sarah by the hand and started to walk away from the Tardis.

Compared to the feeling of peace and well-being that pervades the very atmosphere of Yula, Crellium offered very little. The air was thick and cold, with a faintly fetid smell that clung to the lungs. The ground was wet and greasy, the vegetation soft and bloated, and the absence of sound played dangerous tricks with the imagination.

"The source of the activity would seem to come from over there." The Doctor pointed into the mist.

Sarah trudged along beside him, squelching through the swamp and trying hard to be brave. After five minutes the Doctor suddenly held up his arm.

"Wh—?" started Sarah.

"Quiet!" hissed the Doctor, his face a mask of concentration.

Sarah strained her ears, but there was nothing to pierce the

immense barrier of utter and absolute silence. Nothing, until, faintly, she thought she heard what can only be described as a sob, coming from out of the mist, as if from a thousand miles away.

"There it is again," said the Doctor. "You hear it?"

Sarah nodded and folded her arms across her chest as the Doctor led her off in the direction of the sound. Several times they stopped and listened, unsure of which way to go. And then, ever so faintly, they would hear it again, as if it called them. Sarah remembered the sirens of Earth's mythology who used to lure sailors onto rocks with their songs.

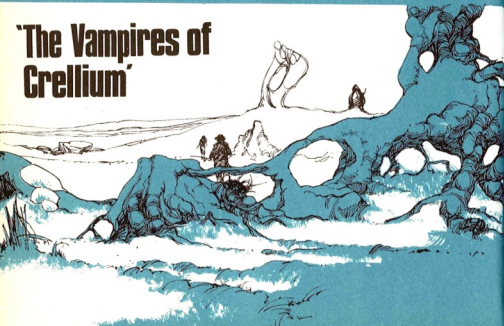
They came to the edge of a circle in which the ground seemed to be

drier. Clumps of flowers grew in rows from the centre of the circle, and the clearing looked as if it had been created by an active intelligence. But for what purpose neither the Doctor nor Sarah could begin to guess.

They set off across the circle and suddenly saw, on a large, flat slab of rock on the opposite side, the creature that had been making the sounds. It was tall, with long flowing hair and a body like a woman's. One long, yellow hand was held up to her head and the other supported her weight as she leant forward over the form of an old man with a beard. The creature seemed to be weeping.

The Doctor coughed and the creature looked up.

## 'The Vampires of Crellium'





Sarah started. There was no face. In place of her eyes, nose, mouth and ears there was only smooth yellow skin.

"What do you want?" She communicated without speaking, rather too forcefully for Sarah's telepathically unsophisticated brain.

"Oh, we're just passing through, we wondered if we could help." The Doctor adopted a jaunty air that did nothing to allay Sarah's worries.

"You have come from the planet Yula."

"Yes, we have. How did you know."

"Krem-ling told me you would

before he died. I was expecting you."

"Did Krem-ling tell you why we would come?"

The creature's empty face turned downwards. "Krem-ling does not say why."

The Doctor was puzzled. "Who is Krem-ling?" he asked.

"This is Krem-ling." The creature indicated the body. "And I am Marsalla, his person. He took me from the planet Juksta when I was a child. It has been my life to serve him."

"And now that he's dead?"

"I will still serve him. There is much work to be done yet."

"What work are you talking

about? How long have you been here?" The Doctor's mind was constantly probing her telepathic defences for an explanation.

"We have been here some time, making ready. Soon we shall be able to start again."

"Start what?" The Doctor was becoming impatient.

"To feed again. The seeds I planted are nearly ready now."

The Doctor looked around at the symmetrical clumps of flowers around him. They were tall, thin and stiff, as if made from plastic. Their heads were open but there was no flower inside. Instead they reached hungrily upward as if waiting for rain.

He began to get worried.

"You say this Krem-ling took you as a child. Did he look like that then?" The Doctor pointed to the head of the lifeless body.

"No, he did not. This is his first humanoid body. He has taken the shape of the Heemies and the Worgs, the Benlithulans and the Susion Norbs. Next he will adopt the snail flesh of the Yulians." Marsalla's telepathic message was unemotional, but her words were like cold knives to the Doctor.

"Did Krem-ling ever mention where he came from?" he asked.

"No."

"Did he ever say anything about Drakka?"

Even as he spoke the Doctor felt in his brain the shock wave of fear that swept through the girl. He had guessed right.

"Then you will know of this . . . this thing's purpose!" The Doctor was speaking aloud now, contempt and anger almost choking his words. "You will know what misery and horror he causes. You will know what happens to those he feeds upon."

Once again the girl's calm, factual answer showed no feeling.

"Yes, I know. Have I not seen it every day of my life? I know that Krem-ling can only live by devouring the spirit of another. I know that he only destroys, that his appetite will never be satisfied . . . just as it will never die."

"But I thought you said he was dead?" Sarah was bewildered.

"He is, Sarah," explained the Doctor. "He's been dead for centuries, as have all the emissaries of Drakka. They have no living form of their own, but house themselves in other people's bodies as they search for new victims."

"What exactly does he do?"

"He is a vampire, Sarah, a psychic vampire, a vile parasite that feeds off the souls of others. Fortunately, he can only ever invade the mind and body of one victim at a time."

"You are wrong, Doctor." The girl's words held a trace of anger. "It is true that he can only invade one person at a time, but he has been planning this venture for some time now. And if it is successful, his power will never stop multiplying."

The Doctor started. "Of course! The Communal Will! If Krem-ling had enough Drakkaan emissaries he could gain control of the entire Yulian Communal Will. With the Yulian co-ordination he would be able to draw the life from whole planets at once!"

"That is right, Doctor, and Krem-ling has those emissaries. They have been buried here waiting for this moment."

The Doctor looked down at the neat squares of strange, lifeless flowers.

"Vegetative psychic activation! I see it now! Quick, Sarah, help me tear up these plants!"

"What?"

"Quick, tear up these plants! We have to hurry. Krem-ling isn't dead. He has penetrated the Communal Will of the Yulians, and the psychic power he has released will be transmitted through these plants to—"

The Doctor stopped speaking. Already it was too late. All around him the squares of flowers were waving and rustling. The ground beneath them rose and fell rhythmically before, again and again, the surface broke and out of the stretch-filled mud crawled slimy, squat automatons, their eyes fixed firmly on the Doctor and Sarah.

"Sing, Sarah!" cried the Doctor. "Sing! Shout! Run back to the

Tardis and close the door. Don't let them into your mind!"

"But . . . but . . . what about you?"

"GO!"

Sarah had never seen the Doctor so angry. As the demons from beneath the ground began advancing towards them, she broke free of the circle and ran as fast as she could towards the Tardis.

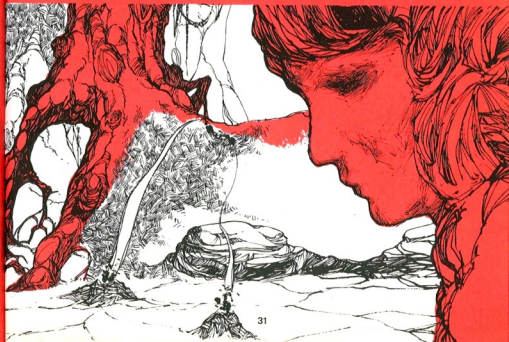
The Doctor stood his ground, trying desperately to reason with the yellow, faceless girl.

"But why *should* I help you?" she mocked telepathically. "How *can* I help you?"

"You could enter Krem-ling's body. Without it to return to he would die, and these emissaries would die also."

"And me? What about me? Had you not guessed that I too serve the mighty Drakka? Would you have me die as well?"

"How can you die when you do not live? Is this your life, this black abyss? Is this your future? A desolate, never-ending trail of violation? Do you not remember





Juksta? Was your childhood so empty and savage? Do you not remember having friends, playing in the sunlight? Do you not remember your mother, your father, your family? That is your life, Marsalla, not this evil. If there is any part of you that still remembers, you must enter Krem-ling's body. Enter it, Marsalla, rid yourself of his influence, free yourself of him!"

"It is too late," Marsalla's telepathic voice shook with emotion. "He is already returning from Yula to lead the emissaries."

"Then hurry, girl. Deny him the body. If you ever want to rest you must save Yula and yourself!"

The Doctor watched in awe as

Marsalla put her hand on Krem-ling's body. Slowly the fingers disappeared. The Doctor could feel her mind as she concentrated. He felt the feeling of joy that gave her strength, the knowledge that soon she would be free. Her whole arm had already entered and her body was following, the two shapes gradually becoming one.

At last Krem-ling's form stood up. Marsalla was inside it, her body was his body.

The Doctor had little time for elation, however, as the emissaries of Drakka were still lumbering closer towards him, their arms outstretched, their hands held out open, their large, dead eyes staring deep inside him.

"Quick! Follow the girl! Krem-ling is here!" Marsalla's voice, coming from Krem-ling's body, was strong and clear. The Doctor lashed out with his fists flailing and cut a way through the tightening ring of ghouls.

As he ran towards the Tardis he heard Marsalla's almost childlike laughter, and he turned in time to see her setting the controls on a small metal container by the rock.

Sarah opened the door for him and within seconds he was setting the controls of the Tardis. The last thing they saw before leaving the planet was Marsalla flicking a switch on the container, and then a tremendous explosion rocked the Tardis so that they were both flung to the floor.

Back on Yula, the Doctor immediately noticed the difference in the Communal Will. There was a new sense of urgency and enterprise everywhere. The menace of Krem-ling was gone for ever and the emissaries of Drakka had been blown to pieces. But still the Yulian Will was in the midst of a complete overhaul. Perhaps they had become too complacent over the years... perhaps not.

But as he let his mind wander through the busily rebuilding Communal Will the Doctor thought he touched upon one spirit that had somehow found rest there—the spirit of Marsalla, the Juksta child that had saved a planet and herself.





HAD IT BEEN OF WHIST AND  
TERRIBLE VIOLENCE HE MUST  
HAVE SURVIVED. HE IS  
IMMEDIATELY BLASTED AND  
COMES DOWN HE SAW THE  
CLOUD IN WHIST HAVE ESCAPED  
AS IT IS HE ALONE WITNESS  
THE LIGHT OF A SPIT-SECOND  
WONDER...



...AND  
FASTER THAN  
SOUND  
HE PAID  
WITH HIS  
LIFE.

YOU  
ARE MY  
ENEMY?



IN THE READY  
H.Q. SPACE-SHIP

EMERGENCY!  
SATELLITE WORKING  
8 SATELLITES  
IMMEDIATELY.



MORE  
ENEMIES!  
I DISCLOSED AS  
DARKNESS BUT  
I MUST  
DESTROY  
THEM

THE REAL  
ENEMIES  
WATCH...



THREE  
OTHERS UNDER  
ATTACK!



INTER-SPACE TO  
MIND HAD



SUSPECTED  
REBELLION AM  
ALL DALEK  
REBELLION NOW  
IN PROGRESS  
ONE DALEK  
ALREADY  
DESTROYED



LATER THE KILLER DALEK IS  
REBELLION YOU ARE  
ALL ENEMIES  
OF THE  
DALEKS!!



IN THE DALEK SPACE-SHIP

ENEMIES!  
ALL OF YOU!!



STUDY THESE  
DALEKS, LEARN  
THEIR TACTICS  
- HOW THEY USE  
THEIR TACTICS  
SITUATION THEN  
REPORT.

NO! OUR ENEMIES  
HAD DETECTED ALIEN  
MESSAGES FROM  
WHISPERY. AN ENEMY  
CALLED THIS MADNESS



BUT WHAT ENEMY?  
WHY ARE THEY?  
WHAT ARE THEY?  
WHY WOULD THEY  
WHAT DO THEY WANT?



THEY SAY THE REVENGE FEARS ARE  
BORN OF IGNORANCE AND FEAR OF  
HARMING THE DALEKS. NOW LITTLE  
FEAR BUT HOW CAN THEY FIGHT AN  
ENEMY THEY CANNOT SEE? HOW CAN  
THEY HOPE TO DEFEAT THE MIGHT OF  
AN ENEMY WHO WILL NOT  
SHOW HIMSELF A CONQUEROR...



...CONTENT TO  
BIT AND WATCH?

REVENGE  
THE DALEKS  
DREAMED THE  
OUR WE MADE  
A SERIES WITH  
THE DALEKS  
CLOSELY



IN THE DALEK H.Q. SHIP

BUT, BIG DALEK  
ENEMIES ARE THERE?  
THERE IS NOTHING  
IN SIGHT EXCEPT  
A SATELLITE



AND THAT CLOUD  
IT'S AS IN SIGHT  
IN SIGHT. BUT  
DALEKS. THERE  
ARE NO CLOUDS IN SPACE



CONNECT THE  
SATELLITE TO BEAR  
THE ENEMIES  
TO THE ENEMIES  
TO THE ENEMIES  
TO THE ENEMIES



TURNING  
JETS TO SOUTH  
AND DO WEST



ALERT!  
ALERT! CLOUDS  
DISAPPEARING



RETRACT  
IMMEDIATELY. WE  
NOT PLAN A TEST OF  
STRENGTH WITH THE  
DALEKS AT THIS  
POINT



BLOW  
THAT CLOUD  
AWAY!!!



ENEMY  
REMOVED



IN RANGE  
DALEKS ENEMY  
SHIP FADING TO  
BLIND. BARRING  
TURNING. FADING  
- NOW!

THE DALEKS HAVE REBORN  
WITH NEW TECHNOLOGY  
TO THE ALIEN H.Q. THEY  
WAS REBORN. THEY  
REMOVED AND THEY  
REMOVED IT. UNWISDOM  
...BUT IS IT BAD?





# TIME TRAVEL?

## TRY A

If you're planning to travel through Time, and you're looking for the most efficient vehicle, then you couldn't do better than a Tardis. Unfortunately, they're pretty hard to come by, being available only to that select group of people known as the Time Lords, of whom the most famous is Dr Who.

No one really knows much about the construction and mechanisms of the Doctor's Tardis. The Doctor himself is reluctant to give away too many of its secrets, and in a way the element of mystery adds to the appeal of this remarkable machine. However, we have been able to piece together a few facts, from items which the Doctor has let slip on various occasions.

It seems that the name Tardis comes from the initial letters of the phrase 'Time And Relative Dimensions In Space'. In outside appearance, as you well know, it looks exactly like one of the now-obsolete Police Call Boxes which were once common in many towns.

Apparently the Tardis originally had the ability to change its outer shape in order to blend in with whatever environment it was currently visiting. The mechanism which controlled this, however, broke down on the first visit to Earth, and until the Doctor gets round to mending it, the Tardis will remain in its present form.

Though it looks simple enough from the outside, it is in fact a mass of fantastically-sophisticated electronics, and it is indeed so complicated that on occasions even the Doctor is unable to ensure that it stays exactly on the course he is plotting.

One of the most fascinating facts about the Tardis is that it is bigger on the inside than on the outside—a fact which the

Doctor has explained, rather cryptically, by commenting that it is 'dimensionally transcendental'.

And that is just about all we know of the Doctor's 'time-machine'. Maybe one day all its secrets will be revealed. Until then, it will remain just as intriguing as the Doctor himself!



# TARDIS!





# DAVROS

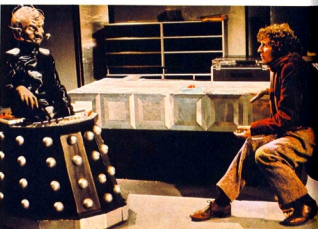
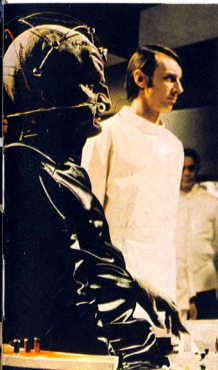
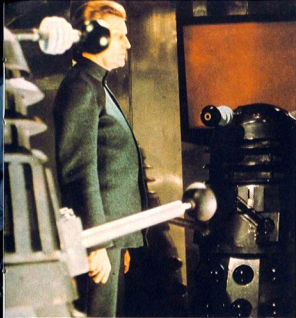
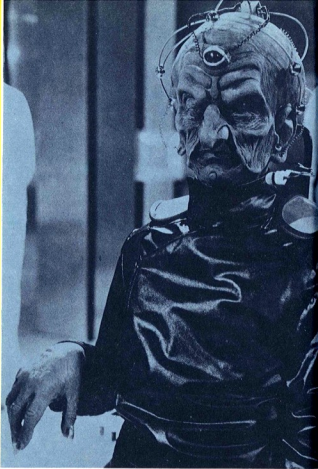
When their home planet of Skaro was contaminated by deadly radiation after a terrible war with their enemies the Thals, the Daleks were faced with total annihilation, unless they could develop a means of resisting the effects.

It was then that the ruthless scientist Davros, bent on defeating the Thals, developed for the Daleks the protective metal casings by which they are now so immediately recognisable.

The Doctor has come up against the power of these evil creatures many times, including one memorable occasion when he confronted Davros himself. The Doctor had journeyed to Skaro at a time just *before* the metal cases were first used, in an attempt to prevent Davros unleashing these terrible creatures into the Universe.

As we know only too well, the Doctor was sadly unable to wipe out all the Daleks, and they went on to evolve their master plan—the domination of the entire Galaxy. Their harsh metallic cries still ring out, striking fear into the hearts of all who hear them.

The Doctor makes an attempt to reason with Davros, but his attempt is futile. Davros is motivated solely by the desire to preserve his race, and to help them with their constant struggle towards power, and even greater power.



NEURONIC SPACE...THE CROSSROADS OF INFINITY!  
A MAELSTROM OF LIMITLESS DIMENSIONS...WHERE  
THE UNIVERSE CAN EXIST ON A SPECK OF DUST!

WHERE ON A TINY PLANET MAROONED IN THE EYE OF  
THIS COSMIC HURRICANE...



## NEURONIC NIGHTMARE

THERE IS CONSTERNATION...

INSIDE A NEWLY-ARRIVED  
POLICE PHONE-BOX...

WHERE THE DEVIL  
COULD HE HAVE  
GOT TO?



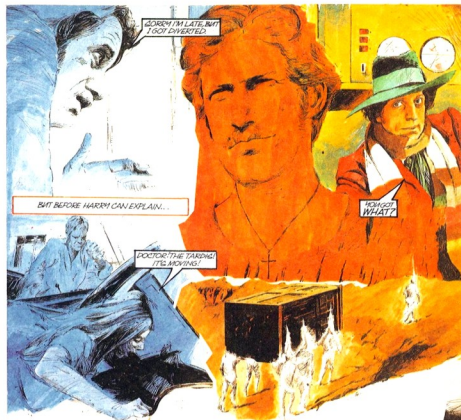
AND FEAR!

I DON'T KNOW! WE ALL  
DE-MATERIALISED  
AT LEAST ONCE BEFORE  
WE GOT HERE.

SOMEONE TALKING  
ABOUT ME?

P-PERHAPS HE'S JUST  
DISINTERESTED!

HARRY!



2000M I'M LATE, BUT  
I GOT DIVERTED.

BUT BEFORE HARRY CAN EXPLAIN...

HOW NOT?  
WHAT?

DOCTOR: THE TARDIS!  
IT'S MOVING!



AH! SO YOU  
HAVE DECIDED  
TO COME OUT!

HOW NOT?  
I'M DE WHO!





BUT IT IS TOO LATE!

B-BOOM!

COME ON! LET'S GET  
BACK TO THE TARDIS!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!  
THOSE NEARONIDS WILL  
BLOW UP WITHOUT THE  
MACHINES TO TRANSFER  
THEIR NEURONIC  
ENERGY EXCESS.

WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE  
UNTIL YOU GIVE US AN  
EXPLANATION... HARRY!

OK DOCTOR, DON'T BE SO MEAN TO  
HARRY! HE WAS ABSOLUTELY  
MAYHEMICAL BACK THERE WHEN  
HE SAVED US FROM THE NEARONIDS







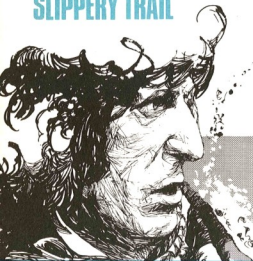
# alpha centauri



Alpha Centauri was a hermaphrodite hexapod with six arms with crab-like claws and a large green domed head with a monstrous eye. It appeared in *The Curse of Peladon* and *The Monster of Peladon*, playing the part of an inter-galactic ambassador from its own planet, Alpha Centauri.



## ON THE SLIPPERY TRAIL



"What a pleasant spot," remarked the Doctor, stepping out of the Tardis and giving himself a good stretch.

"I'll reserve my judgement till later, if you don't mind!" said Sarah, looking cautiously at the view from the doorway.

But she had to admit that it did look very peaceful—almost like earth—with its green vegetation and warm sunshine. They were in a valley, and as she looked around something on the hillside caught her eye.

"Look!" she said, catching the Doctor's arm. "Isn't that a building over there?"

"Just what I was thinking," grinned the Doctor. "Come on, let's investigate."

The house was, in fact, only half built; a primitive affair made from

supple branches and the grey mud that seemed to be the planet's only soil.

"You'd think there would be someone around," mused Sarah, peering through one of the unfinished windows.

"There was until recently," said the Doctor, pointing to an up-turned box of rough tools, "and, whoever it was, they left in a hurry."

There were no more clues to be found in the empty building, so they returned to the path. But, as they climbed, Sarah's feet suddenly lost their grip and she fell headlong.

The Doctor suppressed a smile, and went to help her, but his feet also slid from under him, and he landed with a bump beside his assistant.

Sarah was busy rubbing her bruises, but the Doctor was more interested in the state of the grass.

"If I didn't know better, I would say that this was a huge snail trail," he remarked, fingering the slippery blades. "Let's follow it and see if I'm right."

"Do we have to?" shuddered Sarah. "I never could stand creepy crawlies!"

"Softly!" grinned the Doctor, helping her to her feet. "Come on, where's your sense of adventure?"

As they climbed, they noticed that all the plants round the trail had been stripped of their foliage. Some had even been uprooted. There were more deserted houses too, all showing signs of a hasty retreat.

"Whatever it was, it must have been pretty frightening," said the

Doctor, "and very hungry!"

In spite of the warm sun, Sarah shivered. "I don't want you to think I'm scared, or anything silly like that, but do you think we could go back to the Tardis now? Please?"

"Oh, it's probably miles away by now," answered the Doctor. "Besides, I want to have a look at that cave up there."

The cave in question was at the bottom of an outcrop of rock, its mouth half covered by trailing vines, and with a sigh of resignation Sarah settled herself against a rock while the Doctor disappeared inside.

"Typical!" she grumbled to herself. "First he drags me halfway round the planet, and then he leaves me here, a sitting target for..."

She got no further. The ground had suddenly begun to tremble, and she could hear strange gasping sounds, accompanied by the snapping of branches.

"Aaahh!" Sarah's face contorted into a scream as a huge, black, slug-like creature emerged from the undergrowth. It was moving slowly towards her, its vast mouth sucking up the vegetation like an enormous vacuum cleaner and, to her horror, she could feel the powerful suction pulling her towards the gaping orifice.

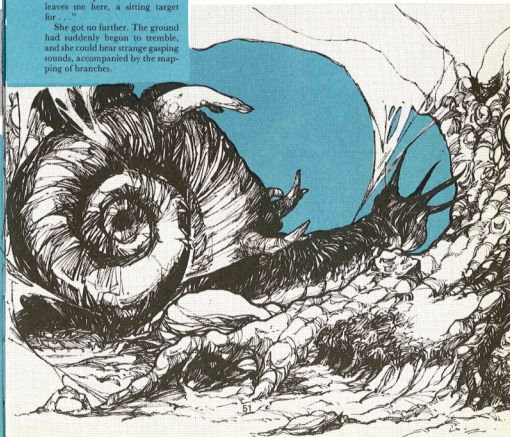
"Doctor!" she screamed, clinging to a bush in a frantic effort to save herself. "Doctor, help me!"

The force was so strong that the bush was flattened to the ground, and its roots began to appear, one by one Sarah could hear the

creature's loud, gasping breaths as it heaved itself towards her, nearer and nearer....

"Sarah, hang on, I'm coming!" The Doctor grabbed hold of the thick vine with one hand and, stretching out as far as he could, he succeeded in reaching Sarah's arm. "Grab hold of me, and make a wish!" he shouted, and he began to pull.

Slowly but surely, he inched Sarah towards the cave, straining every muscle in his body in his effort to save his companion. At last she reached the mouth of the cave, and they flung themselves





inside, gasping for breath.

The Doctor flexed his arms and winced. "Now I know how a wish-bone feels!" he said. "I'm glad you're such a slip of a thing, or I wouldn't have made it!"

Sarah smiled shakily. "From now on, you can insult me as much as you like," she said. "After that mammoth effort you deserve it!"

But the Doctor's mind was elsewhere. He had picked a small piece of rock from the cave floor, and was licking it. "I thought so!" he exclaimed, and grinned at Sarah. "Come on, we're going to grind some of this down!"

"Oh fine! A little occupational

therapy to keep our minds off the monster outside!" said Sarah sarcastically. But she knew the Doctor of old, and took the piece of rock he offered. It was greyish white, and quite soft, so they soon had a small pile of greyish crystals. Taking off his hat the Doctor filled it with the crystals, and began to climb the cave wall.

Mystified, Sarah followed him as he disappeared up a hole in the roof. It was a kind of chimney in the rock, and as they climbed, the Doctor shouted, "I found this while I was exploring; it leads to the top of the cliff."

Sure enough, they reached the

flat top of the outcrop, and the Doctor crawled to the edge. The great, black monster was still heaving about below, and the Doctor carefully emptied the contents of his hat onto it. "Watch this," he whispered, beckoning to a puzzled Sarah.

As they watched, the creature began to squirm, lashing its back end on the ground and shuddering violently. A pale liquid began to ooze out of the black skin. Slowly the huge body shrank to the ground, like some old wrinkled balloon.

The memory of her experience was still painfully vivid, and Sarah



turned away. "I don't know what you used," she said, "but it was certainly successful!"

"Elementary, my dear girl," replied the Doctor. "It was salt—common or garden salt! That cave is full of it. All I did was throw it onto the creature's skin, where it altered the osmotic balance, causing the body fluids to move outwards, and the creature dehydrated."

Now that the scourge of their lands was dead, the inhabitants of the planet emerged from their hiding places and rushed to thank

the Doctor. Having convinced them that he hadn't used magic he showed them the salt, and told them how to use it against the next attack.

The people called themselves the Antrons, and they told the two travellers how, every solar cycle, the Jannosaur would ravage the countryside, filling its huge body with enough food to last until the next raid. No one was safe from the powerful suction, and when the time came they would all leave their homes and hide in the caves until the ugly monster had gone.

Now that they had this wonderful salt, they would be able to live in safety, and would be able to cultivate their lands without the fear of losing all their crops.

The Doctor kindly refused their offer of hospitality, and soon he and Sarah were on their way back to the Tardis. "Fancy not knowing about that salt," said Sarah. "Their food must be pretty tasteless, mustn't it?"

The Doctor laughed. "Perhaps I should go back and tell them that it's good on fish and chips as well, eh? It could change their lives!"



## THE DRACONIANS



As space-warriors, the Draconians have few peers. They are intelligent, aggressive, well-organised and proud of their outstanding achievements as explorers and conquerors.

As rulers they are severe but not unnecessarily cruel. They exploit a planet's mineral wealth and utilise the population with maximum efficiency.

As a race, they are very like humans. They are logical, ambitious and very protective towards their own kind. Their philosophy, if limited, is a forthright one, and has helped them build up their empire through conquests in dozens of galaxies.

But the Draconians, through their very insistence on reason, are prey to the more devious influences of other interplanetary aggressors.

It was the persuasive logic of the Master and his Ogron servants that brought them to the very edge of a horrifying war with earth. How were the Draconians to know that the Master was working for the Daleks? Sure of their purpose, themselves, and their fighting capabilities, their pride blinded them to the fact that the Daleks were using them as a means to an end. It was only the intervention of Dr. Who, and his reasoning power, that prevented a full scale war between the two races.

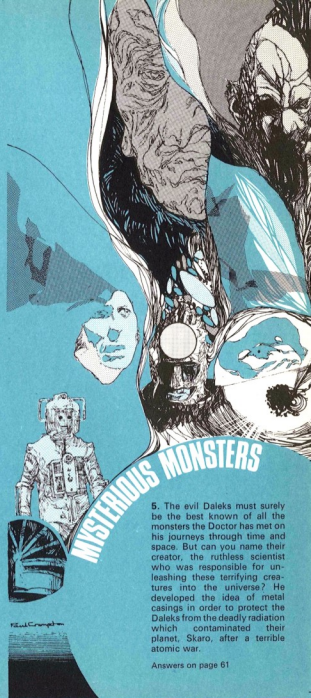
But despite that close call, the Draconians have not abandoned their missions of conquest. To the human failings of pride and gullibility they have added cunning, and this makes them far more dangerous than their powers of reason ever did. Who knows what would happen should they return?

1. Dr. Who has had many skirmishes with these ruthless, robot-like creatures. In his first encounter with them he foiled their attempt to take over a Space Tracking Station at the South Pole. In a later battle they came to London, hiding in the sewers beneath the city. The next time he met them, Dr. Who was aided by the Vogans, when he thwarted their attempt to take over a Space Station. Can you name these silver giants?

2. These creatures are not strictly monsters, though they appear alien indeed to human eyes. They are intelligent, and a space-travelling race. The people of Earth came into conflict with them when both races were attempting to spread their empires through space. For a while it looked as though there would be a terrible war, but Dr. Who intervened, and made peace possible between the two races. Can you name the creatures?

3. This "creature" was not cruel in itself, but was in the control of evil masters—a group of scientists bent on achieving domination of the world. Sarah Jane Smith sensed that the creature was basically gentle, and not hostile, and the understanding relationship which grew up between them was to save the Doctor's life at one stage. Sadly there was an unhappy ending to the story, when the creature grew to enormous size, and became a wild killer. Can you name it?

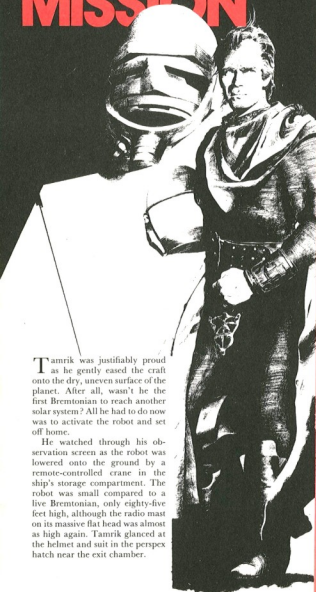
4. These savage creatures, whose home land was Mars, have come up against the Doctor more than once. During an attempt to take over Earth, they invaded a base on the moon, from which they attacked the Earth with a lethal fungus, which had the effect of changing Earth's weather. The Doctor had further encounters with them, which centred around the planet Peladon. Can you name them?



5. The evil Daleks must surely be the best known of all the monsters the Doctor has met on his journeys through time and space. But can you name their creator, the ruthless scientist who was responsible for unleashing these terrifying creatures into the universe? He developed the idea of metal casings in order to protect the Daleks from the deadly radiation which contaminated their planet, Skaro, after a terrible atomic war.



# THE MISSION



Tamrik was justifiably proud as he gently eased the craft onto the dry, uneven surface of the planet. After all, wasn't he the first Brentonian to reach another solar system? All he had to do now was to activate the robot and set off home.

He watched through his observation screen as the robot was lowered onto the ground by a remote-controlled crane in the ship's storage compartment. The robot was small compared to a live Brentonian, only eighty-five feet high, although the radio mast on its massive flat head was almost as high again. Tamrik glanced at the helmet and suit in the perspex hatch near the exit chamber.

Why not? He had been in space for nearly six years and he hadn't been out once, apart from the regular space walks to check the hull of his craft. Why shouldn't he be set foot on what for Brentonians of the future would be home?

The planet looked ideal. It was obviously young, obviously rich in the materials necessary to create life. The crust was a bit thin and constantly erupting, but if the robot did his job right it would be perfect. Tamrik went over to the hatch and put on the suit.

As he walked gingerly down the steps, Tamrik felt a strange elation. It had been planned that the first time he used these steps would be on returning to a hero's welcome on Brentos, and yet here he was, the shiny ceremonial stairway stretching out beneath him, and the only signs of welcome were a static robot and a volcano blazing away in the distance.

The atmosphere was dense, toxic. The thick red clouds above Tamrik captured the sun's heat and, as it was, the planet was a hot, hostile place, unfit for Brentonian habitation.

Tamrik smiled at the way the atmosphere bent what little light filtered through the clouds, making the horizon curve upwards all around him, as though he were standing in a giant saucer. The cranks at Flat Brentos Society would have a field day here.

Another eruption, closer this time, snapped him back to the present. The planet had great potential all right. It was up to the robot to help them realise that potential. He stepped onto the ground, and looked around.

The planet was alive, although he was the only living thing on it. He could hear rumblings from far and near, could see explosions and eruptions all around him, but he felt no fear. It was as if this whole smouldering world belonged to him, as if he were a mighty king with a new kingdom to play with.

And then suddenly there was heat, searing heat and red, red, red. And then nothing.

Sarah stifled a cry as the long

fin wrapped around her shoulder and pulled her forwards. The Doctor smiled and Harry laughed as he watched the two Tiranians, fins linked, moving her slowly around in a circle.

"Dancing in threes is a new one on me."

They were in a large square building. The room was brightly lit and there was a melodic tinkling sound coming from the coloured sprinklers that provided the warm drizzle falling onto the dancers.

Against the walls there were several booths, and in them some Tiranians were standing with helmets on their heads. Some of them were waving their fins in a circular motion, a Tiranian sign of enjoyment.

The three of them had come to Tyrano so that the Doctor could study a new type of power the Tiranians had discovered when investigating the effects of Zerkon gas on their most abundant element, Klarium.

The Tiranians were amphibians, smaller than humans and plumper, and their heads grew straight from their bodies. They had two long flippers at their sides and two short stubby legs. The eyes on their faces were large and round and wide apart; they had no noses, and their mouths were shaped so that they gave the impression of a permanent smile.

"I think I'll have another go in this thing," said Harry, ducking into one of the booths and crouching to fit the helmet over his head. He picked up the control box and began twiddling the dials.

"Careful, Harry. You don't want to get sozzled!"

Harry didn't hear the Doctor's friendly warning. Already the machine was filling his mind with images, stimulating his every nerve. He pushed the dial round to the educational section and singled out Tiranian history.

The Tiranians used their Mentrax Co-ordinators as often as earth people read books or pick up telephones or watch television, but to Harry they remained a source of immense enjoyment.

He could stand there with his eyes open and yet what he saw was not what was in front of him. The images he received were clear, warm and three dimensional, and while he had the impression of actually being present at the events he was witnessing he could not take part, as the action was the result of the Mentrax Co-ordinator's stimulation of his brain waves. While he could watch a whole year's history in a minute, his physical powers did not alter.

Fascinated by what he was seeing, Harry watched as the machine taught him about the birth of civilisation on Tyrano. He saw how the Tiranians had come out of the sea equipped with simple tools and had built a thriving community on the surface. There were still Tiranians living under the sea, but the ones on the surface were the more scientifically advanced.

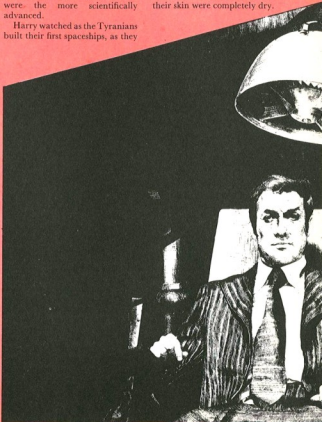
Harry watched as the Tiranians built their first spaceships, as they

explored their own solar system, as they came into their first contact with life on another planet when they met the shambling, simple giants of Brentos. Then the picture faded and Harry saw the Doctor standing in front of him with the control box in his hand.

"Come on, it's the last dance."

Harry and the Doctor danced with a beautiful Tiranian girl, linking their arms with her fins and hopping gently up and down in a circle. Sarah was in the next group, laughing with two Tiranian men.

The drizzle on the dance floor was absorbed into the Tiranians' skin almost immediately, but it just seemed to roll off the three humans, in much the same manner as water rolls off a duck's back. As the happy evening came to a close, their clothes, their hair and their skin were completely dry.



It's said that if you put a family of monkeys in front of a set of typewriters, then sooner or—most probably—later, one of them is going to type the complete works of Shakespeare. When, thousands of millions of years before, Tamrik had perished in the earthquake on landing on Tyrano, his last thoughts were of his foolishness in not activating his robot before stepping onto the planet's surface.

As the surface of Tyrano had gradually cooled, as the atmosphere had thinned and moss had begun to form on the damp rocks near the sea, the robot had stayed there, perfectly still.

As silt and sand had covered his legs he had not moved. As trees had grown and small animals scampered round his plasti-metal waist, he had stood there silently, waiting for the radio signal that would set him off on his mission.

But the signal had to come. It had not come when the first Tyanians crawled out of the sea. It had not come when a terrifying war on his home planet Bremtoss, far, far away in another solar system, reduced the inhabitants to mindless parodies of the creatures they had once been. It had not come when ice, snow, sleet, floods and thick black mud conspired to cover all but the uppermost part of the aerial on his head. And when thick green foliage had sprouted high up out of that mud it seemed as if the message would never arrive.

But, like the monkeys and the typewriters, the message did come. From all the humming and whining of radio beams trapped inside the Tyanian atmosphere, there was one series of impulses, a tiny fragment of the vast mosaic of lost transmissions, that finally hit home on his antennae.

And then the mud of the earth cracked, the trees fell away and the eighty-foot robot rose from the slime and lumbered slowly off on his mission.

The following day Harry was urging the Doctor to try the Mentrax Co-ordinator. Sarah had al-



ready tried the Senso massage and, blushing slightly, declared it one of the most exhilarating experiences she had ever had.

"I've already tried them," said the Doctor, "on Mentrax itself. Oh, they're excellent for education and as a historical record but, like several other races, I find that too much of them dulls my appetite for living, takes the edge off my desire to know. Of course you might find—"

He stopped in mid-sentence as their Tyanian host came rushing in.

"It's terrible!" he said, his lips upturned in that permanent smile. "I've just had word from Deputos—the Defence building is under attack!"

"What?"

"A giant robot has forced his way in and is tearing up the place. Come on! We need your help!"

They flew over to the Defence building in a heli-boat and two guards let them through the barrier. They saw the huge robot, apparently unaware of the commotion he was causing, tearing up the long strips of Albituminium

from which the Tyanians launch their defensive Rama Beams.

Deputos himself came up and greeted them.

"Our Rama Beams are useless against him. We need explosives or a sonic lance."

The Doctor shook his head. "Explosives would be useless, and a sonic lance would take days to penetrate the body. If I'm right that robot is made of plasti-metal alloy that disperses much of the sonic beams' power."

"Another planet must have heard of our new power discovery and sent this robot to steal our secret before we can develop it properly," offered their host.

"Of course!" agreed Deputos.

But the Doctor looked uncertain. The robot was working slowly, fashioning the Albituminium strips into precise shapes. All the efforts of the Tyanian guards to hinder him made absolutely no impression.

"Where did it come from?"

"We don't know. He was first seen coming out of a swamp near the Ronda mountain."

The Doctor walked across to the

heli-boat. "Can you take us there?"

"Of course."

Soon they were standing at the foot of Ronda mountain, looking at the huge hole in the ground that was gradually filling up with watery mud.

"Looks like he'd been here quite a while," said Harry.

"Or he landed very heavily."

The Doctor looked up at the mountain. It was perfectly symmetrical—completely round, with gently sloping sides and a flat top. Large green bushes grew all over it, and in one triangular area there was a forest of large Dentry trees. All around the mountain was flat swampland.

"How long would it take to get diggers here?"

"Vaccuo-diggers would have to be lifted from Alkrania and that will take time."

The Doctor studied the heli-boat.

"These travel underwater, don't they?"

"And through all but the thickest mud."

"Good. Well, let's fly up to that patch of Dentry trees and see if she can manage the soil there."

The four of them flew to the triangular patch of Dentry trees and Deputos took the heli-boat to work. It burrowed smoothly and efficiently into the loosely packed soil. They went deeper and deeper. Twenty feet, thirty, fifty, seventy—the machine was beginning to falter under the strain.

"I don't think we can go much further, Doctor."

"Just a little more."

Even as he spoke the heli-boat shot out of the black soil into blazing light. They looked around in wonder as they found themselves flying through one chamber of a massive spaceship.

Like a bird trapped in a room, the heli-boat flew clumsily round the deserted cabin. The place was empty, but it was obvious that whoever had been there had expected to come back. There was a tray full of massive pills near the control panel and a huge screen showed maps of the surrounding galaxies. A flight path had been

drawn on a map covered with strange symbols.

When Deputos got his bearings, Doctor Who ordered him to fly the heli-boat into a round red button on the wall.

Deputos did so and the picture on the screen changed. This time it was filled with tiny letters and inscriptions. Deputos flew back so they could take it all in.

"What language is that?" asked Sarah, as they hovered in front of the strange writing.

"I don't know, but if I'm not mistaken that bit in the middle is the basic formula for combating

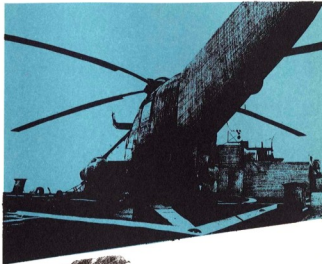
celestial friction."

"Then if you crack the code you can find a way of stopping the robot."

"Perhaps—if I can crack it before the robot does what it is supposed to do."

The Doctor worked furiously, occasionally asking Harry about the codes he had learnt in the Navy. Deputos pressed the button again and again with the heli-boat, and each time the screen showed something different. At last the Doctor put down his pencil.

"It's a very complicated system of numerological hieroglyphics.







But I think I can get the meaning of most of it."

Deputos flew the heli-boat into the button repeatedly until the Doctor held up his hand.

"This is the one we want," he said. "It tells us what the robot's meant to do."

The others waited quietly as Deputos flew the heli-boat back and forth along the huge lines of signs and symbols. The Doctor's face became grim.

"Good heavens!" he said, half to himself. "It seems they came from a planet in the next solar system thousands of millions of years ago. They had calculated—rightly as it happens—that this planet had everything they needed to support them, but they could not wait for it to cool down and become habitable. They designed a robot to build a giant motor from the elements they knew were here."

"A motor? What for?"

"To propel this planet to a more hospitable part of the Solar System. That would have speeded up the development of the planet then, but now it means that, if the robot succeeds, everyone living here will be frozen to death!"

"How do we stop the robot?"

"I don't know yet, but these fellows from Brentos—"

"Brentos!" gasped Deputos. "But we've been there. The inhabitants are in the equivalent of our Myzonic age!"

"Now, yes. But before there was life on this planet they were capable of building a robot that shrugs off your most powerful weapons. Let's just hope they left instructions on how to de-activate it."

"And if they didn't?"

"It took millions of years before a chance sound set it going. You can guess what the odds are of it being accidentally de-activated before it has finished its task."

The heli-boat worked the button time after time, but none of the writings contained what they wanted to know. The Doctor asked Deputos to fly the heli-boat across to another panel in the ship. They swooped low over thousands of switches and dials, with only the Doctor knowing what they were looking for.

Sarah felt helpless, frustrated, like a blind woman in a plane that

is fast running out of fuel and must find somewhere to land.

"That's it!"

The Doctor pointed to four green buttons at the bottom of a panel of switches. They flew lower and saw that above each button there was Brentonian writing. The Doctor studied each button carefully.

"That one first."

Deputos put the heli-boat down on the third button from the right. An area of the screen above them lit up.

"Now that one." The Doctor indicated the first button. Another section of the screen lit up.

"And that one." The jigsaw was nearly complete.

After they had punched the last button they flew the ship back to the black slot that blocked the triangular doorway. After a difficult start the heli-boat found the going easier and easier, until at last they were outside in the sunlight.

Back at the Defence building the robot stood motionless before his half-finished machine. The Doctor

studied it.

"Fantastic detail," he said, marvelling at how the robot's giant hands could have fashioned such delicate machinery. "And, do you know, I think it would have worked."

"Aren't we going to study the new form of Tyranian energy?" asked Sarah.

"Of course, of course, but there's no rush. We've got time. We've got all the time in the universe."

And with a quiet chuckle he began examining the plasti-metal surface of the robot's feet.

## answers

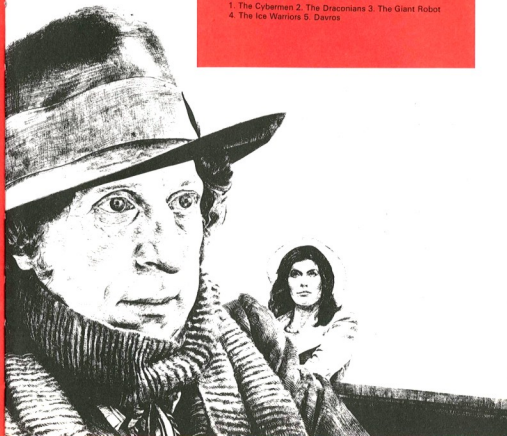
### DR. WHO'S SPACE-AGE CROSSWORD

**Across:** 1. Davros; 4. Jupiter; 7. Neptune; 8. Sarah; 9. Stars; 12. Devils; 13. Ice; 17. We; 18. Nebula; 20. War; 21. Abolish; 23. Dook; 24. Hour; 27. Skaro; 28. Anti; 30. Rev; 31. Tardis; 32. Giant

**Down:** 1. Draconians; 2. Venus; 3. Saturn; 4. Jane; 5. Travels; 6. Thals; 10. To; 11. Sea; 14. Daleks; 15. Sea; 16. Cybermen; 17. Walk; 19. Booster; 20. Who; 22. Shut; 25. Robot; 26. RIFT; 29. Neg

### MYSTERIOUS MONSTERS

1. The Cybermen 2. The Draconians 3. The Giant Robot  
4. The Ice Warriors 5. Davros



# THE CYBERMEN



Not quite what you'd call cuddly, are they? It may be their plasti-metal bodies, their ruthlessness or the fact that they have no human feelings at all, but these glittering members of the monster world are most definitely unlovable.

And no wonder. Love is a concept beyond their imagination. So is kindness, selflessness, pity, faith, hope and understanding. For the Cybermen have sacrificed all feelings for the—in their state—dubious pleasures of longe-

vity. The quality of life has no meaning to the Cybermen. Life itself is all.

But what a price they have paid! The Cybermen were once humanoids, warm-blooded creatures with feelings similar to those experienced by people on Earth. In their obsession to extend their lifespans they began replacing their limbs with metal, their insides with plastic. Little did they know that for every artificial addition they made to their bodies there was a corresponding emotional loss. Eventually all feeling was bred out of these cheerless space-fiends and they began their ruthless attack on the rest of space.

Doctor Who first came across the Cybermen when he discovered their plan to take over a space tracking station at the South Pole. It was only his ingenuity and courage that saved Earth from a terrible fate.

The Cybermen's next target was a weather station on the moon, an attack that the Doctor also foiled. Then a reckless archaeologist resurrected the menace when excavating a Cybermen tomb.

Rivalry was renewed when the Cybermen took to the London sewers in an attempt to take over the capital city. In the last story they planned to attack Vogan, the Planet of Gold, by commandeering an Earth-owned Space Station. Once again they were defeated by the Doctor.

But was that the end of them? Ask yourself, is the shore troubled by the sea? Is the sun disheartened by the clouds? The Cybermen feel no pain. Beware! They will return!



## The Doctor Who Music and Radiophonic Workshop

The weird electronic-sounding music which opens the *Doctor Who* programme was composed by Ron Grainer in conjunction with the Radiophonic Workshop.

The music you hear during the programme, however, is more likely to have been composed by Dudley Simpson, who has been writing incidental music for the programme from its beginning.

Dudley composes the music to picture, and records it, usually with five musicians, who sometimes double up on instruments. He uses a lot of keyboard sound—electronic pianos, organs or harpsichords—as well as clarinets, oboes and saxophones. Part of his expertise is in making so few instruments create such a big sound.

Once he has recorded the music he then takes it to the Radiophonic Workshop, where he treats it with a synthesiser to add eerie bass-like sounds.

The Radiophonic Workshop also provides all the unusual sound effects heard in the programme—spaceship backgrounds, strange alien jungles, monster roars, and such like. They often work by taking a normal sound, like a piece of wood scraping a chair, and then play it backwards, chop it up into a different order, and then change the shape of the sound through the synthesiser.

Although the Radiophonic Workshop does work for a lot of other programmes—both for radio and television—they have always had a special relationship with the *Doctor Who* programme and have played a large part in its success.





